Copyright © 2025 Texas Outlaw Press

[redacted]

TEXAS TANKAS

By Jeff Callaway

TEXAS TANKAS

By Jeff Callaway

Introduction to Texas Tankas 24

The Rhythm of the Lone Star State 24
What is a Tanka? 25
Why Texas? 25
The Tanka as a Storyteller 26
A Glimpse of Texas Through Tanka 27
Exploring Texas's Identity 28
A Call to Experience Texas 29
Conclusion 29

1. Bluebonnet Fields 32
2. The Rio Grande 32
3. Big Bend Majesty 32
4. Gulf Coast Horizon 32
5. Cowboy Legacy 33
6. Oil Fields at Dawn 33
7. Hill Country Vistas 33
8. West Texas Winds 34
9. San Antonio's Riverwalk 34
10. Storms on the Plains 34
11. Big Tex Greets All 34
12. Fried Food Frenzy 35

13. Midway Magic 35
14. Livestock Showcase 35
15. Cotton Candy Skies 36
16. Music on the Stage 36
17. Pumpkin Carvings 36
18. Ferris Wheel Glow 36
19. Rodeo Cheers 37
20. Night Fireworks Show 37
21. Capitol Majesty 37
22. Lady Bird Lake 38
23. Live Music Pulse 38
24. Bats at Sunset 38
25. Zilker's Green Stretch 38
26. The Drag’s Vibe 39
27. South Congress Stroll 39
28. Barton Springs Chill 39
29. Texas State Cemetery 40
30. Mount Bonnell View 40
31. Reunion Tower Glow 40
32. Deep Ellum Murals 40
33. AT&T Discovery District 41
34. Dallas Arts District 41
35. Klyde Warren Park 41
36. Margaret Hunt Hill Bridge 42
37. Victory Park Buzz 42
38. Old Red Museum 42
39. Bishop Arts Stroll 42
40. Skyline at Twilight 43
41. The Granada Theater Glow 43
42. Cocktails at Sundown 43
43. Tacos and Tunes 44
44. The Rustic’s Soul 44
45. Craft Beer Haven 44
46. Midnight Walks 44
47. Foodie Heaven 45
48. Murals and Memories 45
49. Late-Night Vibes 45
50. Sunrise After Hours 46
51. Sixth Street Awakens 46
52. Strings and Stories 46
53. Drinks in the Glow 46
54. Busker’s Tune 47
55. The Rooftop Scene 47
56. Dancing Through the Night 47
57. Late-Night Eats 48
58. Costumes and Chaos 48
59. Jazz in the Air 48
60. Morning's Quiet Echo 48
61. Big Sky Reverberates 49
62. The Taste of Rhythm 49
63. Pounding Pulse 49
64. Smoky Serenade 50
65. Neon Nostalgia 50
66. The Crowd’s Roar 50
67. Twang and Tang 50
68. Heat in the Air 51
69. Barbecue Baptism 51
70. Final Chord Reverie 51
71. Tyler Rose Garden 52
72. Stanley's Famous Pit BBQ 52
73. Discovery Science Place 52
74. The Caldwell Zoo 52

75. Downtown Tyler Square 53
76. Faulkner Park Trails 53
77. Tyler State Park 53
78. Brookshire’s Wildlife Museum 54
79. Liberty Hall 54
80. The Villages Marina 54
81. Veil of Cypress 54
82. Still Reflection 55
83. Moss and Mystery 55
84. Frog Song Nights 55
85. Twilight Eerie 56
86. Roots and Shadows 56
87. Ethereal Dawn 56
88. Reeds and Ripples 56
89. Swamp's Breath 57
90. Ancient Murmur 57
91. The Alamo (San Antonio) 57
92. Hotel Galvez (Galveston) 58
93. Yorktown Memorial Hospital (Yorktown) 58
94. The Driskill Hotel (Austin) 58
95. Presidio La Bahía (Goliad) 58
96. Jefferson Hotel (Jefferson) 59
97. Miss Molly’s Hotel (Fort Worth) 59
98. The Grove (Jefferson) 59
99. The Baker Hotel (Mineral Wells) 60
100. Spaghetti Warehouse (Houston) 60
101. Space Center Houston 60
102. Houston Museum of Natural Science 60
103. Hermann Park 61
104. The Houston Zoo 61
105. Buffalo Bayou Park 61
106. Minute Maid Park 62
107. The Galleria 62
108. Museum of Fine Arts, Houston 62
109. Downtown Aquarium 62
110. Kemah Boardwalk 63
111. Lubbock's Cotton Fields 63
112. Palo Duro Canyon 63
113. Cadillac Ranch (Amarillo) 64
114. Buddy Holly Center (Lubbock) 64
115. The Big Texan Steak Ranch (Amarillo) 64
116. Buffalo Gap (Abilene) 64
117. West Texas Wind Farms 65
118. Caprock Canyons State Park 65
119. Abilene Zoo 65
120. Route 66 in Amarillo 66
121. The Alamo 66
122. San Antonio River Walk 66
123. Mission San José 66
124. San Antonio Zoo 67
125. The Pearl Brewery 67
126. The San Fernando Cathedral 67
127. The Witte Museum 68
128. Six Flags Fiesta Texas 68
129. Market Square (El Mercado) 68
130. Tower Life Building 68
131. Dallas Cowboys (AT&T Stadium) 69
132. Houston Astros (Minute Maid Park) 69
133. San Antonio Spurs (AT&T Center) 69
134. Dallas Mavericks (American Airlines Center) 70
135. Houston Texans (NRG Stadium) 70
136. Texas Rangers (Globe Life Field) 70

137. Austin FC (Q2 Stadium) 70
138. Dallas Stars (American Airlines Center) 71
139. Houston Rockets (Toyota Center) 71
140. Texas Longhorns (DKR–Texas Memorial Stadium) 71
141. South Padre Island 72
142. Galveston Island 72
143. Port Aransas 72
144. Rockport Beach 72
145. Corpus Christi 73
146. Mustang Island 73
147. Boca Chica Beach 73
148. Padre Island National Seashore 74
149. Port Isabel 74
150. Texas City Dike 74
151. The Guadalupe River 74
152. The Rio Grande 75
153. The Frio River 75
154. The Brazos River 75
155. The San Marcos River 76
156. The Comal River 76
157. The Colorado River 76
158. The Pecos River 76
159. The Trinity River 77
160. The Neches River 77
161. Houston 77
162. San Antonio 78
163. Dallas 78
164. Austin 78
165. Fort Worth 78
166. El Paso 79
167. Arlington 79
168. Corpus Christi 79
169. Plano 80
170. Lubbock 80
171. Sam Houston 80
172. Lyndon B. Johnson 80
173. Davy Crockett 81
174. Willie Nelson 81
175. Lady Bird Johnson 81
176. Stevie Ray Vaughan 82
177. Texas Jack (William F. Cody) 82
178. Selena Quintanilla 82
179. Chuck Norris 82
180. Mickey Mantle 83
181. Matthew McConaughey 83
182. J.J. Watt 83
183. Eva Longoria 84
184. George Strait 84
185. Spencer Wells (Geneticist) 84
186. Selena Gomez 84
187. Tony Romo 85
188. Von Erich Family (Wrestlers) 85
189. Stone Cold Steve Austin 85
190. Glenn Powell 86
191. Bix X Tha Plug 86
192. Tommy Lee Jones 86
193. Ethan Hawke 86
194. The Battle of the Alamo (1836) 87
195. Texas Declaration of Independence (1836) 87
196. San Jacinto Victory (1836) 87
197. Annexation of Texas (1845) 88

198. The Spindletop Gusher (1901) 88
199. Juneteenth Proclamation (1865) 88
200. The Texas City Disaster (1947) 88
201. Apollo 11 Moon Landing (1969) 89
202. The Dust Bowl (1930s) 89
203. Dallas Assassination of JFK (1963) 89
204. Texas Horned Lizard 90
205. Mexican Free-Tailed Bat 90
206. Nine-Banded Armadillo 90
207. Texas Longhorn 90
208. Golden-Cheeked Warbler 91
209. Cottonmouth Snake 91
210. Kemp's Ridley Sea Turtle 91
211. Texas Bluebonnet Bee 92
212. Ocelot 92
213. Black-Tailed Prairie Dog 92
214. Cave Salamander 92
215. Rattlesnake Roundup 93
216. State Fair of Texas (Dallas) 93
217. South by Southwest (Austin) 93
218. Texas Rodeo Season (Statewide) 94
219. Texas Renaissance Festival (Todd Mission) 94
220. Wurstfest (New Braunfels) 94
221. Fiesta San Antonio 94
222. Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo 95
223. Bluebonnet Festival (Burnet) 95
224. Poteet Strawberry Festival 95
225. Dickens on the Strand (Galveston) 96
226. Bug Tussle, Texas 96
227. Ding Dong, Texas 96
228. Cut and Shoot, Texas 96
229. Hoop and Holler, Texas 97
230. Uncertain, Texas 97
231. No Trees, Texas 97
232. Jot 'Em Down, Texas 98
233. Looneyville, Texas 98
234. Happy, Texas 98
235. Luckenbach, Texas 98
236. Poetry, Texas 99
237. The Alamo (San Antonio) 99
238. San Jacinto Battleground (Houston) 99
239. Goliad (Goliad) 100
240. Spindletop (Beaumont) 100
241. Davy Crockett’s Grave (Nacogdoches) 100
242. Lyndon B. Johnson Ranch (Stonewall) 100
243. Caddo Lake (Uncertain) 101
244. Fort Worth Stockyards (Fort Worth) 101
245. Texas State Capitol (Austin) 101
246. Chisholm Trail (Throughout Texas) 102
247. Landmen of Texas 102
248. Roughnecks on the Rig 102
249. Oil’s Pulse Beneath 102
250. Texas Oil’s Power 103
251. Dawn’s Arrival 103
252. The Wind’s Song 103
253. Rocky Solitude 104
254. Desert Symphony 104
255. Twilight Majesty 104
256. Echoes of Time 104
257. Heatwave Mirage 105
258. Clouds Kiss the Heights 105
259. Sunrise Alchemy 105

260. Sacred Stillness 106
261. A Sentinel of Stone 106
262. Whispering Winds 106
263. Sunlit Summit 106
264. Sacred Silence 107
265. Skybound Ascent 107
266. Shadows and Sun 107
267. Echoes of the Past 108
268. Midnight Majesty 108
269. High Desert Vision 108
270. Solitary Triumph 108
271. Barton Creek’s Flow 109
272. Sunlit Canopy 109
273. Hidden Grotto 109
274. Rope Swing Flight 110
275. Violet Crown Glow 110
276. Karst Caves Below 110
277. Lost in the Green 110
278. Sculpture Falls’ Dance 111
279. Twin Falls’ Embrace 111
280. Wildflower Symphony 111
281. Lone Star Pride 112
282. Bluebonnet Blooms 112
283. Mesquite Grill Nights 112
284. Dust Devil Spins 112
285. Cattle Drive 113
286. Oil Field Dawn 113
287. Porch Swing Stories 113
288. Rodeo Lights 114
289. State Fair Thrills 114
290. Hill Country Wine 114
291. Thunderstorms Roll 114
292. Small-Town Diner 115
293. Gulf Coast Dreams 115
294. Wild West Ruins 115
295. Spring-fed Rivers 116
296. Buc-ee’s Heaven 116
297. High School Lights 116
298. Riverwalk Nights 116
299. Texas Two-Step 117
300. Capitol's Glow 117
301. Sky’s Infinite Quilt 117
302. Ghostly Spurs 118
303. Pecos Mirage 118
304. Barbed Wire Whispers 118
305. Prairie Lullaby 118
306. Red Dirt Promises 119
307. Skybound Horizon 119
308. Smoke and Thunder 119
309. Shadow of the Star 120
310. Eternal Trail 120
311. Star-Cut Veil 120
312. Bone-Dry Symphony 120
313. Firebrush Dreams 121
314. Gilded Mirage 121
315. Horizon’s Lullaby 121
316. Thunder’s Oath 122
317. Bluebonnet Waltz 122
318. Chiseled by Time 122
319. Oil Field Reverie 122
320. Sky’s Unbroken Glass 123
321. Rusted Memory 123

322. Painted Sunrise 123
323. Starlit Echoes 124
324. Amber Tide 124
325. Shadow’s Embrace 124
326. Crimson Reverie 124
327. Whispers in the Dust 125
328. Skyborne Freedom 125
329. Eternal Embers 125
330. Hidden Currents 126
331. Canyon Majesty 126
332. Amarillo Dawn 126
333. Caprock Shadows 126
334. Ranchland Eternity 127
335. Railway Echoes 127
336. Tumbleweed Ballet 127
337. Winter’s Grip 128
338. Big Sky Reverie 128
339. Harvest Rhythm 128
340. Wind Whisperers 128
341. Lakefront Serenity 129
342. Gun Barrel Nights 129
343. Fishing at Dawn 129
344. Malakoff’s Quiet Charm 130
345. Seven Points Revelry 130
346. Trinidad Sunsets 130
347. Tool’s Hidden Trails 130
348. Mabank’s Market Day 131
349. Skiing the Wake 131
350. Fireworks at the Lake 131
351. Rain on the Docks 132
352. Autumn at Cedar Creek 132
353. Night on the Water 132
354. Fishing Tales in Tool 132
355. Gun Barrel’s Legacy 133
356. Winter’s Embrace 133
357. Lake House Summers 133
358. Malakoff Brickworks 134
359. Tool’s Starry Skies 134
360. Fishing Derby Buzz 134
361. Birdsong in Trinidad 134
362. Moonlit Boating 135
363. Mabank’s Melodies 135
364. Hidden Coves Beckon 135
365. Cedar Creek Farewell 136
366. Glass Beneath the Sky 136
367. Breath of Stillness 136
368. Hidden Veins of Gold 136
369. Liquid Horizon 137
370. Cedar Cathedral 137
371. Dappled Shadows 137
372. Silver in Motion 138
373. Siren’s Canvas 138
374. Mist-Cloaked Morning 138
375. Infinite Echo 138
376. Ethereal Drift 139
377. Swirling Mosaic 139
378. Firefly Horizons 139
379. Woven Reflections 140
380. Lake’s Open Palm 140
381. Breathing Stillness 140
382. Cedar’s Song 140
383. Glass Shards of Dusk 141

384. Rippling Stars 141
385. Murmured Depths 141
386. Liquid Canyons 142
387. Golden Touch 142
388. Fingers of Blue 142
389. Dreams on the Shore 142
390. Stillness Awakes 143
391. Morning Reverie 143
392. Porch Harmony 143
393. Amber Fields 144
394. Mesquite Memory 144
395. Neon Ghosts 144
396. Moonlit Serenade 144
397. Echoes on Steel 145
398. Summer Glow 145
399. Dairy Queen Nights 145
400. Gravel Threads 146
401. Domino Dreams 146
402. Firefly Jars 146
403. Hymns in the Shadows 146
404. Tin Roof Rhapsody 147
405. Carnival Dreams 147
406. Biscuit Dawn 147
407. Barn Shadows 148
408. Flag Day Joy 148
409. Fading Lights 148
410. Grazing Dawn 148
411. Windmill Echo 149
412. Dirt-Smeared Dreams 149
413. Funnel Cake Sky 149
414. Sentinels of Dust 150
415. Strings of Texas 150
416. Whiskey Heat 150
417. Tequila Thunder 150
418. Poker Night Smoke 151
419. Neon Nights 151
420. Spicy Sunsets 151
421. The Last Call 152
422. The Texas Sting 152
423. Fire and Ice 152
424. Steak and Tequila 152
425. Cold Shot, Hot Air 153
426. Boots and Blues 153
427. Whiskey Echo 153
428. Neon Aftershock 154
429. Cracked Bottle 154
430. Rough Texas Nights 154
431. Burnt Leather 154
432. Sizzling Smokes 155
433. Summer’s Last Sip 155
434. Whiskey Glow 155
435. Old Bar Blues 156
436. Lime and Leather 156
437. The Final Round 156
438. Cracked and Wild 156
439. Dust and Drums 157
440. Thick Smoke and Gold 157
441. Morning Waves 157
442. Waking the Surf 158
443. Saltwater Heart 158
444. Texas Horizon 158
445. Echoes of the Tide 158

446. Surfer’s Solitude 159
447. Ebb and Flow 159
448. Texas Breeze 159
449. Golden Horizon 160
450. Texas Swell 160
451. Ocean's Pulse 160
452. Riding the Wave 160
453. Texas Dawn 161
454. Saltwater Memory 161
455. Riders of the Tide 161
456. The Last Ride 162
457. Beneath the Surface 162
458. Texas Retreat 162
459. Horizon’s Edge 162
460. Rising Tide 163
461. On the Crest 163
462. Shoreline Dreams 163
463. Tide’s Rhythm 164
464. Surfer’s Soul 164
465. A Texas Dream 164
466. Whispers of Dawn 164
467. First Light Over Plains 165
468. Desert Awakening 165
469. Morning Over Hill Country 165
470. Texas Horizon 166
471. Sunrise in the Swamps 166
472. Longhorn’s Morning 166
473. Quiet of the Valley 166
474. Beneath the Mesquite 167
475. Glimmering Canyons 167
476. Rio Grande Light 167
477. Over the Plains 168
478. Wind's Serenade 168
479. Desert Dawn 168
480. Cactus Shadow 168
481. Golden Horizon 169
482. Cattleman’s Dawn 169
483. Lost in the Glow 169
484. Morning’s Breath 170
485. Lone Star Light 170
486. Sunrise in the Heart 170
487. Waking the Land 170
488. Horizon Flame 171
489. Through the Hills 171
490. Chasing the Light 171
491. Crimson Horizon 172
492. Dancing Shadows 172
493. Painted Skies 172
494. Last Light on the Plains 172
495. Quiet Evening 173
496. End of the Day 173
497. Fire on the Hill 173
498. Rancher’s Twilight 174
499. Echoes of Gold 174
500. The Final Glow 174
501. Sunset Over the Valley 174
502. Golden Silence 175
503. Whispers in the Dust 175
504. Vibrant Farewell 175
505. Stretching Gold 176
506. Evening’s Embrace 176
507. Lone Light Fades 176

508. Cactus Dreams 176
509. Tumbleweed Winds 177
510. Desert Melancholy 177
511. Dimming Horizon 177
512. Shifting Colors 178
513. Twilight's Whisper 178
514. Horizon Blush 178
515. Silent Goodbye 178
Afterword: 181
Reflections Under a Texas Sky 181
A Symphony of Texas 181
The People Behind the Poems 182
Looking Back, Looking Forward 183
A Final Bow 183

Introduction to Texas Tankas

The Rhythm of the Lone Star State

Welcome to Texas Tankas, a poetic journey through the heart and soul of the Lone Star State. This book invites you to step into the vast landscapes, the buzzing cities, the proud heritage, and the unforgettable experiences that make Texas one of the most iconic places on Earth. Through the lens of the ancient Japanese poetic form, the Tanka, we'll explore the unique moments that define Texas, capturing everything from the stillness of a West Texas sunset to the pulse of a Houston nightclub. Whether you're a lifelong Texan or someone who's only ever seen the state through the lens of popular culture, you'll find something in these verses that resonates deeply with the Texas spirit.

In this introduction, let's dive into the beauty of the Tanka form and why it's the perfect medium for painting such vivid pictures of this incredible state. You'll learn about the historical context of the Tanka, its deep roots in classical poetry, and how it blends seamlessly with Texas's modern energy. Get ready to immerse yourself in the landscapes, sounds, smells, and flavors of Texas, all through the captivating simplicity of this ancient poetic tradition.

What is a Tanka?

The Tanka is one of the oldest forms of Japanese poetry, dating back more than 1,300 years. It's a compact and elegant poem, traditionally consisting of five lines with a 5-7-5-7-7 syllabic structure. In its essence, Tanka is a form of expression that combines both a deep appreciation for nature and a unique exploration of human emotions. The brief yet profound lines capture a moment in time—a feeling, a sight, a sound—with incredible precision.

Though rooted in the distant past of Japan, the Tanka is a universal form of poetry. It transcends culture and geography, allowing poets to connect their experiences with universal themes like love, loss, beauty, and joy. And that is precisely why the Tanka is such a perfect fit for capturing the essence of Texas.

Why Texas?

Texas is an entire universe unto itself. It's not just a state; it's a culture, a lifestyle, a feeling that is as vast as its landscapes and as distinct as its people. From the dusty roads winding through the deserts of West Texas to the rhythmic pulse of Austin's live music scene, the very air of Texas is charged with energy. The state boasts an eclectic mix of geography, history, and personality that can be hard to put into words, but the Tanka form has the power to do just that.

Think about the feeling of standing in the middle of the Chihuahuan Desert as the sun sets—how the stillness is almost overwhelming, yet somehow peaceful. Or imagine the electric excitement of a football game in a small town, the smell of fresh popcorn, the sound of the crowd, and the excitement building up in the cool autumn air. These are the moments that Tanka can capture so beautifully. It's about the quick, fleeting moments that live on in our memories, allowing us to relive them again and again.

The natural beauty of Texas alone is worth exploring. The state is home to majestic hills, winding rivers, endless plains, and lush forests. From the vibrant blooms of wildflowers in the Hill Country to the vast, sun-kissed deserts of West Texas, every corner tells its own story. But it's the people, the places, the smells, and the sounds that make Texas something truly special. And it is all of these experiences that we capture in the verses of Texas Tankas.

The Tanka as a Storyteller

While the Tanka might seem like a short poem, don't let its brevity fool you. Its power lies in its ability to convey emotion and imagery with incredible efficiency. It tells stories in ways that longer forms sometimes can't, using simplicity to evoke deep meaning. The Tanka is a snapshot, a moment frozen in time, yet rich with layers of texture, history, and feeling. It's a poetic equivalent of a painting a vivid depiction of something that takes on new meanings with each glance.

In Texas Tankas, we'll explore everything from the grandeur of the Texas Hill Country to the hum of busy Houston streets. You'll feel the soft breeze blowing through the prairie grasses, the grit of sand between your toes on a South Texas beach, and the heat of the sun on the plains in the middle of summer. The Tanka form's unique syllable structure allows us to get close to the heartbeat of these places, evoking both the grandeur and the intimate details of life in Texas.

What you'll find within these pages is more than just poetry. It's a way of seeing the world, a way of reflecting on moments both large and small. It's a journey through the spirit of Texas, captured in five lines of verse. Whether it's the hum of a busy Austin coffee shop or the quiet solitude of a West Texas sunset, every Tanka in this collection brings you into a moment that feels timeless and real.

A Glimpse of Texas Through Tanka

As you begin reading, you'll quickly realize that Texas Tankas isn't just a book of poetry—it's a celebration of everything that makes Texas unique. The experiences you'll encounter range from the rich, untamed beauty of nature to the bustling life of Texas's biggest cities. Some Tankas will be loud, with the sounds of rock 'n' roll from Sixth Street in Austin or the pulse of a high school football game. Others will be quiet, with the softness of wind in a field of bluebonnets or the distant call of a hawk over the plains.

The versatility of the Tanka form allows us to capture the full spectrum of life in Texas, from its most iconic moments to the everyday experiences that make this place so special. Each Tanka invites you to pause and reflect, drawing you into the sensory details of Texas's diverse landscapes and cultures. Whether you're a lifelong Texan or just an admirer from afar, these Tankas will transport you into the heart of the state.

Exploring Texas's Identity

One of the things that makes Texas so fascinating is its identity. Texas isn't just a place—it's a culture, a philosophy, and a way of life. It's a state defined by pride, independence, and a deep connection to the land. The people of Texas are passionate about their history, their communities, and their values. These Tankas give voice to that passion, bringing the sights, sounds, smells, and sensations of Texas into your own heart.

As you read each Tanka, think about what makes Texas the place it is. The state is a paradox of sorts—wild yet refined, vast yet intimate, new yet ancient. You'll find Tankas that celebrate the fierceness of the Texas spirit and others that slow down and pay tribute to the quieter moments, such as sitting on a porch on a hot summer evening or savoring a plate of barbecue.

In Texas Tankas, you'll experience the pride of the Texas State Fair, the dusty trails of the Chisholm Trail, the rhythm of Texas music, and the rich history of places like The Alamo and San Jacinto. But you'll also experience the small, everyday things that make life in Texas so special: the warmth of a summer evening, the joy of a family gathering, the sound of a train whistle on a sleepy town's edge. Every Tanka is a celebration of the things that make Texas what it is—big, bold, and undeniably unique.

A Call to Experience Texas

This book isn't just for readers who already know and love Texas—it's for anyone who has ever felt the magnetic pull of this great state. It's for those who have dreamed of riding across its wide plains, standing on the banks of its rivers, or tasting the smoky goodness of a Texas brisket. It's for anyone who's heard the legends of Texas—the tall tales, the heroes, the culture—and wanted to know more.

By reading these Tankas, you'll not only experience Texas through the eyes of a poet but also see it through the eyes of its people. The heart of Texas is alive in every line, in every syllable. You will be transported to the iconic places that define this state and the moments that have shaped its history. These Tankas serve as both a love letter to Texas and a window into the everyday experiences that make it so unforgettable.

Conclusion

So, whether you're a proud Texan, a lover of poetry, or someone simply curious about this iconic state, Texas Tankas will invite you into a world where words paint pictures as vivid as the Texas sky. As you read through the pages, let each Tanka bring you closer to the heart of Texas—its people, its landscapes, and its spirit.

In the end, Texas isn't just a place you visit—it's a place you experience, and through these Tankas, you'll feel Texas in every word. Welcome to Texas Tankas. Enjoy the journey.

Now, take a deep breath and dive in. The stories of Texas await you, captured in five lines at a time.

TEXAS TANKAS

by Jeff Callaway

1. Bluebonnet Fields

Fields of azure glow,
Springtime's canvas paints the land,
Petals kiss the breeze,
Whispers of Texas pride bloom,
Nature’s crown of majesty.

2. The Rio Grande

Ancient waters carve,
Life along the arid sands,
Border's silent guard,
Reflections of sun and moon,
Flowing tales of past and now.

3. Big Bend Majesty

Mountains scrape the skies,
Desert blooms in hidden springs,
Stars unveil their dance,
Big Bend’s vast and quiet soul,
A frontier of time and peace.

4. Gulf Coast Horizon

Waves embrace the shore,
Seagulls call in salty winds,
Marshlands breathe with life,
Where ocean meets the Lone Star,
Endless skies in amber hues.

5. Cowboy Legacy

Boots on dusty trails,
Lariats hum through warm air,
Cattle roam the plains,
Echoes of a rugged past,
Freedom rides beneath the stars.

6. Oil Fields at Dawn

Pumps rise, sink, and bow,
Iron giants tap the earth,
Wealth from blackened veins,
Sunrise gilds the rigs with fire,
Texan grit fuels the world’s flame.

7. Hill Country Vistas

Rolling emerald hills,
Vineyards weave through rocky soil,
Wildflowers unfold,
Streams run clear through limestone beds,
Hill Country’s gentle embrace.

8. West Texas Winds

Turbines sweep the air,
Whispers grow to howling gusts,
Dust storms veil the light,
Energy from barren lands,
West Texas winds shape the world.

9. San Antonio's Riverwalk

Waters gently flow,
Under bridges steeped in charm,
Lights dance on the waves,
History and laughter blend,
The heart of a Texan gem.

10. Storms on the Plains

Skies darken with wrath,
Lightning splits the endless plains,
Thunder shakes the earth,
Texans stand in awe and faith,
Storms pass, the sun warms again.

11. Big Tex Greets All

Big Tex tips his hat,
Deep voice booms across the crowd,
"Howdy, friends!" he calls,
Lone Star spirit standing tall,
Welcome to the grandest fair.

12. Fried Food Frenzy

Golden batter sizzles,
Sweet and savory delights,
Deep fry dreams come true,
From corny dogs to fried pie,
Taste buds dance in Texas style.

13. Midway Magic

Ferris wheels ascend,
Bright lights pierce the velvet night,
Laughter fills the air,
Games of chance and carousel spins,
Midway magic warms the soul.

14. Livestock Showcase

Bulls and sleek horses,
Proud youths guide their prize with care,
A tradition thrives,
Texas roots on full display,
Heritage carved in the land.

15. Cotton Candy Skies

Pink clouds swirl and twist,
A child’s smile mirrors the sweet,
Sticky fingers wave,
Colors melt with sunset hues,
Dreams spun in a sugar haze.

16. Music on the Stage

Fiddles strike a tune,
Boots tap rhythms on the wood,
Texas twang takes hold,
Songs of love and rugged pride,
Fairground echoes sing of home.

17. Pumpkin Carvings

Giant gourds displayed,
Faces chiseled with fine skill,
Lanterns in the dark,
Autumn’s spirit grins and glows,
Harvest pride at center stage.

18. Ferris Wheel Glow

The Texas Star spins,
Its lights shimmer like the stars,
High above the crowd,
The city fades far below,
Magic found in quiet heights.

19. Rodeo Cheers

Spurs glint in the sun,
Bulls buck with defiant might,
Cowboys hold their reins,
The crowd roars with every ride,
The wild heart of Texas beats.

20. Night Fireworks Show

Explosions of light,
Colors dance across the sky,
Fairgrounds pause in awe,
A final bow to the day,
Texas pride shines in the dark.

21. Capitol Majesty

Granite dome stands tall,
Guarded by Texas oak trees,
Flags wave in the breeze,
History and law converge,
Pride etched in each polished stone.

22. Lady Bird Lake

Paddles cut the blue,
Kayaks drift through mirrored skies,
Cypress trees bow low,
City hum fades into peace,
Lady Bird's calm waters soothe.

23. Live Music Pulse

Guitars strum the air,
Rhythms echo down Sixth Street,
Neon lights flicker,
Austin hums with endless songs,
Live music beats in its veins.

24. Bats at Sunset

Congress Bridge awakes,
Dark wings flood the fading sky,
A nightly ballet,
Echoes of nature’s wild call,
Bats bring awe to city hearts.

25. Zilker's Green Stretch

Kites climb springtime skies,
Dogs chase frisbees in the sun,
Families gather close,
Zilker Park's embrace invites,
Austin's heart beats on its grass.

26. The Drag’s Vibe

Murals splash bold hues,
Vintage shops and quirky finds,
Cafes hum with life,
UT spirit fills the streets,
The Drag keeps Austin weird.

27. South Congress Stroll

Boots and hats displayed,
Artisan crafts line the walk,
Food trucks tempt the crowd,
South Congress charms with its soul,
A feast for both eyes and heart.

28. Barton Springs Chill

Crystal waters flow,
A respite from summer’s heat,
Laughter rings out clear,
Barton Springs renews the soul,
Austin’s gem, a cooling touch.

29. Texas State Cemetery

Legends rest in peace,
Under oaks that tell their tales,
Texas heroes sleep,
Stone whispers of their courage,
Past and present intertwine.

30. Mount Bonnell View

River winds below,
City skyline meets the hills,
Sunset paints the scene,
Mount Bonnell holds timeless calm,
Austin dreams in fading light.

31. Reunion Tower Glow

Lights pierce velvet skies,
A glowing orb stands watchful,
City spread below,
Reunion Tower beckons,
A beacon in Dallas night.

32. Deep Ellum Murals

Walls burst into life,
Street art tells a thousand tales,
Colors blaze and sing,
Deep Ellum's soul painted bold,
Urban canvas rich with dreams.

33. AT&T Discovery District

Screens light up the square,
Digital art dances bright,
Crowds gather in awe,
Tech and culture intertwine,
Dallas pulses with the now.

34. Dallas Arts District

Museums aligned,
Glass and stone form hallowed halls,
Echoes of great minds,
Masterpieces grace each wall,
Dallas thrives on boundless art.

35. Klyde Warren Park

Greens above the street,
Food trucks hum with energy,
Laughter fills the air,
Oasis amidst the rush,
Klyde Warren's heart bridges all.

36. Margaret Hunt Hill Bridge

Arches frame the sky,
White cables gleam in the sun,
Trinity flows slow,
A modern gateway of pride,
Dallas strides across its past.

37. Victory Park Buzz

Concert halls ignite,
The AAC roars with life,
Bars brim with laughter,
Victory Park hums with joy,
Night unfolds with endless sparks.

38. Old Red Museum

Red sandstone towers,
History carved in its walls,
Stories of the West,
The Old Red Museum stands,
Dallas roots forever strong.

39. Bishop Arts Stroll

Boutiques catch the eye,
Coffee shops and bistros glow,
Streetlights guide the way,
Bishop Arts feels like a dream,
Dallas charm in every step.

40. Skyline at Twilight

Glass towers shine bright,
Reflecting hues of the dusk,
Dallas skyline soars,
A city of hope and drive,
Stars meet steel in evening's glow.

41. The Granada Theater Glow

Neon marquee shines,
Echoes of rock fill the street,
Crowds hum with delight,
History and sound collide,
Granada's heart beats alive.

42. Cocktails at Sundown

Patios alive,
Cocktails glint in fading light,
Laughter fills the air,
Craft brews flow like sweet rivers,
Lower Greenville's nightly charm.

43. Tacos and Tunes

Street-side taquerias,
Melodies drift through warm air,
Late-night bites abound,
Flavors meet rhythmic echoes,
A feast for all senses here.

44. The Rustic's Soul

Strings and voices blend,
The Rustic hums with rich life,
Lights glow in the dark,
Stars above and stars on stage,
Texas pride fills every note.

45. Craft Beer Haven

Taps pour endless streams,
Hops and barley tell their tales,
Brewers' art displayed,
Conversations rise and fall,
Lower Greenville lifts its glass.

46. Midnight Walks

Sidewalks come alive,
Couples stroll under streetlights,
Music echoes faint,
Bars and murals frame the path,
Dallas dreams in summer's warmth.

47. Foodie Heaven

Pizzas baked with flair,
Barbecue smoked to perfection,
Flavors fill the street,
Lower Greenville's table set,
Gastronomic paradise.

48. Murals and Memories

Walls of vibrant hues,
Art that tells a thousand tales,
Photos snapped in awe,
Lower Greenville's voice on brick,
Urban beauty etched in time.

49. Late-Night Vibes

Shadows stretch and sway,
Basslines ripple through the night,
Dancing feet find home,
Every bar a different tune,
A mosaic of pure joy.

50. Sunrise After Hours

Silence blankets all,
Barstools empty, lights are dim,
Sunrise paints the sky,
Lower Greenville breathes a sigh,
Ready for the next parade.

51. Sixth Street Awakens

Footsteps line the block,
Bars and venues open doors,
Neon starts to hum,
Night falls and the street comes alive,
Austin's heart beats on Sixth Street.

52. Strings and Stories

Guitar strings vibrate,
Local legends take the stage,
Crowds cheer with delight,
Sixth Street echoes with their songs,
Tales told in a Southern drawl.

53. Drinks in the Glow

Cocktails glimmer bright,
Bartenders move like dancers,
Laughter fills the night,
Stories shared over whiskey,
Sixth Street bonds the restless souls.

54. Busker's Tune

Harmonica wails,
A busker sings for his keep,
Coins in a guitar,
Passersby stop, mesmerized,
Street music charms weary hearts.

55. The Rooftop Scene

Above the loud crowd,
Rooftop bars invite the breeze,
City lights below,
The skyline whispers secrets,
Sixth Street thrives both high and low.

56. Dancing Through the Night

Bass shakes wooden floors,
A DJ spins endless beats,
Bodies lose themselves,
Dancing until dawn arrives,
Sixth Street's magic never sleeps.

57. Late-Night Eats

Food trucks line the way,
Tacos fill hands and warm hearts,
Flavors tempt the crowd,
Fuel for the nightlife parade,
Sixth Street's feast never ends.

58. Costumes and Chaos

Cowboys, punks, and queens,
Every style walks these streets,
Masks and faces blend,
Sixth Street blurs the lines of life,
A carnival without end.

59. Jazz in the Air

Trumpets pierce the night,
Saxophones croon softly sweet,
Crowds sway to the groove,
Sixth Street's jazz club pulses strong,
A sanctuary of sound.

60. Morning's Quiet Echo

Sunrise creeps ahead,
Empty bottles, quiet streets,
Faint chords still linger,
Sixth Street rests, though only briefly,
Night's spirit waits to return.

61. Big Sky Reverberates

Smoke drifts in the air,
Barbecue sweet, thick, and bold,
Bass thunders the chest,
"Big Sky" rolls like a wild storm,
The Reverend commands the night.

62. The Taste of Rhythm

Ribs glazed to perfection,
Tangy sauce on fingertips,
Jimbo's bass pounds deep,
Beer flows like the night's heartbeat,
Rockabilly feeds the soul.

63. Pounding Pulse

Jimbo's strings vibrate,
Chest rattles with every thump,
Crowd roars in delight,
"400 Bucks" takes the floor,
Heat rises with every note.

64. Smoky Serenade

Charred oak scents the air,
Guitar riffs like crackling flames,
Laughter sparks like fire,
Stanley’s smokehouse fills with life,
Rock and barbecue entwined.

65. Neon Nostalgia

Lights cast amber hues,
Craft beer glasses catch the glow,
"Roots of the Rev" plays,
Every strum pulls back the years,
Timeless sound fills Stanley’s halls.

66. The Crowd’s Roar

Boots stomp wooden floors,
Hands clap to the Reverend's call,
A chorus of shouts,
"Bales of Cocaine" ignites,
The night burns wild with fervor.

67. Twang and Tang

Smoky brisket bites,
Pair with a whiskey’s sharp kiss,
Strings twang, hearts ignite,
The Reverend spins raw stories,
Each note seasoned to perfection.

68. Heat in the Air

Sweat beads on the crowd,
Guitar licks sear like a flame,
Barbecue smoke swirls,
Jimbo’s bass shakes souls awake,
Rockabilly fever burns.

69. Barbecue Baptism

Pit smoke wraps the stage,
The Reverend’s chords baptize all,
Craft beer cools the tongue,
Stanley’s marries sound and taste,
A holy night in East Texas.

70. Final Chord Reverie

Last chord hits the air,
"Bad of the Bad" lingers still,
Cheers erupt like sparks,
Barbecue scents fade to dawn,
The Godfather claims his throne.

71. Tyler Rose Garden

Petals soft as silk,
Fragrance drifts on morning breeze,
Colors paint the earth,
Bees hum gentle symphonies,
A garden’s quiet embrace.

72. Stanley's Famous Pit BBQ

Smoke curls through the air,
Brisket melts with tangy zest,
Laughter fills the room,
Cold craft beer clinks against glass,
A barbecue haven thrives.

73. Discovery Science Place

Children's laughter rings,
Hands touch fossils, buttons blink,
Senses come alive,
Learning wears a joyful grin,
Curiosity takes flight.

74. The Caldwell Zoo

Lions’ roars resound,
Hay scents linger near zebras,
Parrots flash bright hues,
Ice cream cools on summer tongues,
Nature whispers through the fence.

75. Downtown Tyler Square

Brick streets hold their charm,
Shops display vintage treasures,
Coffee scents entice,
Buskers play familiar tunes,
The past and present converge.

76. Faulkner Park Trails

Leaves crunch underfoot,
Pine scents mingle with cool air,
Birdsong fills the path,
Sunlight dances through the trees,
A woodland symphony plays.

77. Tyler State Park

Lake ripples with light,
Campfire smoke curls to the stars,
S’mores sweeten the night,
Canoes drift in mirrored calm,
Nature breathes in peaceful tones.

78. Brookshire's Wildlife Museum

Deer frozen mid-leap,
Bear looms large in silent roar,
Leather, wood scents blend,
History told in still forms,
Wonder lingers in each hall.

79. Liberty Hall

Film reels start to spin,
Popcorn's salt hangs in the air,
Seats creak as lights dim,
Indie gems and classics shine,
Liberty's heart beats again.

80. The Villages Marina

Boats bob with the waves,
Fishermen cast lines through mist,
Fresh water scents rise,
Children splash in lake's embrace,
Joy flows under summer skies.

81. Veil of Cypress

Spanish moss drapes low,
Whispers haunt the mirror lake,
Woodpeckers drum deep,
Cypress knees rise through the mist,
Air tastes of ancient waters.

82. Still Reflection

Glass-like waters hold
Sky's secrets and shadows deep,
Paddles softly dip,
Ripples spread with faint echoes,
Caddo dreams in liquid calm.

83. Moss and Mystery

Veins of moss cascade,
Draped like lace on giant limbs,
Cool, damp earth's perfume,
Alligators glide unseen,
Caddo breathes its secrets slow.

84. Frog Song Nights

Bullfrogs croak their tunes,
Crickets chirp in harmony,
Stars shimmer above,
Night air thick with musk and life,
Caddo hums her ancient song.

85. Twilight Eerie

Sunset paints the swamp,
Red and gold bleed into dark,
Owls call through the haze,
Wood smoke mingles with the mist,
Caddo fades to dusky dreams.

86. Roots and Shadows

Twisted roots claw deep,
Cypress silhouettes stretch wide,
Water’s earthy scent,
Reflections swallow all sound,
Shadows pull the mind to drift.

87. Ethereal Dawn

Fog curls in soft waves,
Sunrise kisses silver strands,
Herons stalk the shore,
Morning air tastes sharp and clean,
Caddo wakes in ghostly calm.

88. Reeds and Ripples

Reeds sway with the breeze,
Ripples shatter sky and trees,
Fish leap, scales catch light,
Dragonflies buzz and hover,
Swamp’s life thrives in vibrant hues.

89. Swamp's Breath

Thick air clings like wool,
Water laps at rotting docks,
Egrets pierce the scene,
The swamp exhales ancient sighs,
Caddo moves in patient time.

90. Ancient Murmur

Whispers ride the wind,
Caddo's depths hold time untold,
Water chills the skin,
Stories sleep in every tree,
The past breathes through mossy dreams.

91. The Alamo (San Antonio)

Shadows stalk the stone,
Faint cries of battle still ring,
Gunpowder lingers,
Cold air grips like unseen hands,
History’s ghosts stand vigil.

92. Hotel Galvez (Galveston)

Salt sprays on the breeze,
Laughter echoes, soft and faint,
Doors creak in the night,
Perfume of a vanished bride,
Sadness haunts the grand ballroom.

93. Yorktown Memorial Hospital (Yorktown)

Needles clink unseen,
Echoed moans drift down dark halls,
Dust coats the sterile air,
Cold grips like a phantom's hand,
Pain and fear linger in stone.

94. The Driskill Hotel (Austin)

Velvet walls conceal,
Footsteps trail in empty rooms,
Cigars' ghostly scent,
A girl's laughter chills the air,
Luxury hides restless souls.

95. Presidio La Bahía (Goliad)

Candles flicker faint,
Bloodstains whisper from the stone,
Gunfire cracks in dreams,
The breeze carries phantom prayers,
Martyrs guard the sacred ground.

96. Jefferson Hotel (Jefferson)

Mirror fogs with breath,
Lullabies hum through closed doors,
Perfume sweet, decayed,
Keys rattle in ghostly play,
A child's giggle chills the spine.

97. Miss Molly's Hotel (Fort Worth)

Parlor cards still flip,
Laughter turns to icy wails,
Whiskey scents the air,
Glimpses of lace and shadows,
Madams roam where time stands still.

98. The Grove (Jefferson)

Roses scent the night,
Chairs rock when no one's nearby,
A window slams shut,
Specters guard their haunted home,
Time loops in the Grove's embrace.

99. The Baker Hotel (Mineral Wells)

Elevators hum,
Phantom dancers glide on air,
Perfume and despair,
A red-haired ghost still laments,
Beauty trapped in time's cruel grasp.

100. Spaghetti Warehouse (Houston)

Plates rattle unseen,
Shadows pass where no feet tread,
Tomato scents fade,
Cold breath chills the crowded room,
Death dines at the table's edge.

101. Space Center Houston

Engines roar to life,
Stars shimmer on sleek models,
Metal tang in air,
Children gasp at astronauts,
Dreams of flight linger and soar.

102. Houston Museum of Natural Science

Dinosaur bones loom,
Amber traps ancient whispers,
Dust and history,
Gems gleam like frozen starlight,
Time stands still in silent halls.

103. Hermann Park

Fountains spray cool mist,
Roses bloom in velvet waves,
Picnic scents waft near,
Laughter skips across the pond,
Nature thrives in city's heart.

104. The Houston Zoo

Lion's roar echoes,
Bananas ripe in warm hands,
Grass scents thick with sun,
Flamingos flash pink and gold,
Life pulses through every cage.

105. Buffalo Bayou Park

Kayaks cut the waves,
Reflections ripple through glass,
Wildflowers perfume,
City skyline meets the green,
Nature and man intertwine.

106. Minute Maid Park

Crack of bat resounds,
Hot dogs and peanuts in air,
Cheers rise like thunder,
Lights gleam on the Astros' field,
Baseball ignites Houston's soul.

107. The Galleria

Glass ceilings glisten,
Perfume mingles with warm bread,
Laughter fills the halls,
Diamonds catch the shopper's eye,
Luxury wraps the senses.

108. Museum of Fine Arts, Houston

Brushstrokes whisper past,
Colors clash in bold silence,
Marble cool to touch,
Sculptures hold their timeless pose,
Art breathes life into the still.

109. Downtown Aquarium

Sharks glide through blue glass,
Salt tang lingers in the air,
Children press cold panes,
Schools of silver flash and dance,
Underwater worlds unfold.

110. Kemah Boardwalk

Waves crash against docks,
Fried shrimp scents ride on sea breeze,
Lights spin in the night,
Laughter rings from the Ferris wheel,
Joy sways with the ocean's pull.

111. Lubbock's Cotton Fields

Fields stretch endless wide,
Cotton bursts like snowy clouds,
Dry winds kiss the skin,
The earth whispers dust and toil,
Harvest hums in West Texas.

112. Palo Duro Canyon

Reds and golds cascade,
Walls echo hawks' piercing cries,
Sage scents ride the breeze,
Boots crunch dirt with every step,
Time carves stories in the stone.

113. Cadillac Ranch (Amarillo)

Spray paint fumes linger,
Bright graffiti scars the sky,
Engines ghostly hum,
Rust and art defy decay,
Cattle watch the cars grow roots.

114. Buddy Holly Center (Lubbock)

Strings hum memory,
A bass thumps through glass displays,
Records' dusty scent,
Glasses glint like rising stars,
Music sparks eternal flame.

115. The Big Texan Steak Ranch (Amarillo)

Steaks sizzle and sear,
Beef-rich air fills crowded halls,
Cheers for a challenge,
Knives clink on plates, thick with sauce,
Laughter lingers with the smoke.

116. Buffalo Gap (Abilene)

Cabins whisper tales,
Saddle leather scents the wind,
Grit warms ancient boards,
The past calls in ghostly tones,
History lives in each breath.

117. West Texas Wind Farms

Turbines turn like ghosts,
Whispers ride the desert wind,
Air sharp with ozone,
Sky meets earth in endless blue,
Power hums through open plains.

118. Caprock Canyons State Park

Bison thunder past,
Red cliffs glow in setting sun,
Grass whispers like silk,
The scent of wild sage and dust,
Nature roars in fiery hues.

119. Abilene Zoo

Peacocks strut and cry,
Cages buzz with children's joy,
Hay scents mingle sweet,
Bright parrots screech against sky,
Life bursts through this arid world.

120. Route 66 in Amarillo

Neon lights shimmer,
Roadside diners hum with life,
Grease scents fill the night,
Old jukeboxes croon past tunes,
Route 66 breathes again.

121. The Alamo

Stone walls hum with time,
A prayer lingers in the air,
Dust clings to old floors,
Whispers of courage and loss,
Cold stone heart beats in silence.

122. San Antonio River Walk

Water laps the walls,
Citrus scents twist through the breeze,
Laughter echoes soft,
Lanterns flicker in the night,
Shadows waltz in river's glow.

123. Mission San José

Ancient walls stand tall,
Chiming bells greet morning light,
Sweet sage fills the air,
Footsteps press into the earth,
History hums through the stone.

124. San Antonio Zoo

Roars break the stillness,
Lions lounge in summer's heat,
Exotic perfumes,
Lemurs chatter, wide-eyed, free,
Birdsong weaves through warm breezes.

125. The Pearl Brewery

Brews bubble and pop,
Yeast rises in warm sunlight,
Wood and hops fill air,
Laughter clinks on cold glassware,
Flavors dance in amber hues.

126. The San Fernando Cathedral

Voices rise in song,
Incense curls in quiet air,
Cold stone beneath feet,
Sunlight pours through stained-glass hues,
Faith glows on each quiet face.

127. The Witte Museum

Hands trace fossil bone,
Whispers of the past echo,
Leather and old books,
The scent of pinewood fills rooms,
Texas history, alive.

128. Six Flags Fiesta Texas

Rollercoasters scream,
Cotton candy melts on tongues,
Fried food fills the air,
The sun sizzles on the skin,
Excitement hums through the crowd.

129. Market Square (El Mercado)

Spices waft from carts,
Bright colors flash through the street,
Laughter rings aloud,
Churros sizzle on hot grills,
Warmth mingles with festive cheer.

130. Tower Life Building

Above the city lights,
Wind whispers through iron bones,
The scent of steel sharp,
Views spread wide from silent heights,
San Antonio sleeps below.

131. Dallas Cowboys (AT&T Stadium)

Lights blaze through the night,
Leather pads clash on green turf,
Crowds roar, breath held tight,
Popcorn and beer fill the air,
Victory smells like fresh rain.

132. Houston Astros (Minute Maid Park)

Crack of bat, so loud,
Peanuts tossed in summer air,
Grass smells, fresh and sweet,
The crowd's cheers ripple like waves,
Cold beer in hand, hearts race on.

133. San Antonio Spurs (AT&T Center)

Bounce of ball on court,
Fast feet tapping on cold floors,
Sweat and adrenaline,
The roar of the crowd fills air,
Victory tastes like sweet fruit.

134. Dallas Mavericks (American Airlines Center)

Swish of the net's song,
Sneakers squeak on polished wood,
Popcorn scents fill aisles,
The ball spins in mid-flight,
Fans' breath catches, waiting still.

135. Houston Texans (NRG Stadium)

Helmets clash, loud cheers,
Texan pride fills the stadium,
Brisk turf scent rises,
The thrill of touchdown burning bright,
Hot dogs sizzle, mouths open wide.

136. Texas Rangers (Globe Life Field)

Baseball in the air,
Sunset paints the evening gold,
Bats crack, hearts thump loud,
The smell of hot dogs, fresh turf,
The game plays out in pure heat.

137. Austin FC (Q2 Stadium)

Grass green beneath feet,
Chants rise like waves in the night,
The air thick with hope,
The taste of victory, sweet,
And the hum of a nation's pride.

138. Dallas Stars (American Airlines Center)

Skates carve ice so sharp,
Crowd roars, the puck moves so fast,
Cold air bites the skin,
The slap of a stick rings clear,
Victory melts on the tongue.

139. Houston Rockets (Toyota Center)

Ball bounces with grace,
Sneakers squeak on the hardwood,
Sweet sweat fills the air,
The ball arcs high, falls through net,
Fans erupt, hearts racing fast.

140. Texas Longhorns (DKR–Texas Memorial Stadium)

Orange waves ripple,
The scent of turf mixes with dust,
Cheerleaders' chants rise,
A touchdown's sweet victory,
Mouths taste glory, hearts on fire.

141. South Padre Island

Waves crash on soft sand,
Salt air mixes with sunscreen,
The sun warms the skin,
Seagulls cry, dive for their feast,
Laughter floats on ocean breeze.

142. Galveston Island

The pier creaks with age,
Ocean mist fills the warm air,
Fried food scents rise,
Children's laughter cuts through heat,
Footprints vanish in soft waves.

143. Port Aransas

Sunsets spill like gold,
Ocean's breath whispers on shore,
Fish fry in the breeze,
Waves kiss the feet, cool and smooth,
Salty air clings to the soul.

144. Rockport Beach

Shells crunch underfoot,
The smell of salt and old wood,
Fishermen's lines cast,
Sea breeze tugs at sun-kissed skin,
Pelicans dive in search of peace.

145. Corpus Christi

The Gulf shimmers bright,
Tide rolls over soft white sand,
Tacos fry nearby,
Windswept hair and cool ocean,
Sunburned cheeks kiss by the shore.

146. Mustang Island

Horizon stretches wide,
The sky hugs the calm, clear sea,
Oysters and lime burst,
The sand cools with evening's touch,
Footsteps trail in perfect line.

147. Boca Chica Beach

Waves whisper secrets,
Wild wind tugs the horizon,
The taste of salt thick,
Footprints sink in the wet sand,
Cresting waves break, loud and proud.

148. Padre Island National Seashore

Turtles crawl to sea,
Sunset spills in golden streaks,
Warmth seeps deep in bones,
The scent of earth, fish, and brine,
Ocean stretches far and wide.

149. Port Isabel

The lighthouse stands tall,
The scent of brine and the sun,
Fishermen's nets stretch,
Tugboats hum, the sea calls out,
A breeze licks salty, warm skin.

150. Texas City Dike

Crumbling rocks shift slow,
The Gulf licks at the warm stones,
Cool waves brush the toes,
The scent of fish fills the air,
Children's shrieks echo on wind.

151. The Guadalupe River

Water whispers soft,
Cypress trees reach to the sky,
Cool waves kiss the skin,
The scent of pine fills the air,
Laughter echoes on the breeze.

152. The Rio Grande

Brown waters roll wide,
Dust rises, heat fills the air,
Chili smoke lingers,
Boulders crash against the shore,
The river hums through the land.

153. The Frio River

Clear water glistens,
The scent of earth fills the air,
The coldness cuts deep,
Moss drips from ancient oak trees,
The sun beats down, warm and sweet.

154. The Brazos River

Slow currents drift by,
The scent of fresh-cut hay floats,
Fish leap from the depths,
Mud between toes, sunburned skin,
The sky stretches wide and blue.

155. The San Marcos River

Crystal waters swirl,
Ducks quack, diving for their meal,
Sweet jasmine in bloom,
Lazy paddles cut the tide,
The breeze cools in the summer heat.

156. The Comal River

Glass-like waters flow,
Ripples shimmer in sunlight,
Warm stones beneath feet,
The smell of wet earth and reeds,
Children's laughter fills the air.

157. The Colorado River

Ripples kiss the shore,
Soft breeze carries distant calls,
Wet rocks glisten bright,
Warm evening air on the skin,
Sunset paints the sky with gold.

158. The Pecos River

Red rock and brown dirt,
The Pecos roars and rumbles,
Cactus blooms nearby,
Smoke from a fire stings the nose,
The river hums through the night.

159. The Trinity River

Beneath city lights,
The water churns in silence,
The scent of cool mud,
A lone heron stands still, proud,
The night hums with whispered breath.

160. The Neches River

Slow-moving and deep,
Mist rises in the early dawn,
Pines stretch to the sky,
The scent of wet leaves and fish,
The river sighs, ancient, wise.

161. Houston

Skyscrapers gleam tall,
Oil, spice, and sweet food scents blend,
Cars hum, engines roar,
The smell of rain on warm asphalt,
City lights flicker through dusk.

162. San Antonio

Cobblestones beneath,
The river’s soft current hums,
Tacos fill the air,
Laughter spills through warm night's breeze,
The Alamo stands in peace.

163. Dallas

Glass towers catch light,
Steel beams hum in the city,
Barbecue smoke rises,
The taste of brisket lingers,
Tires screech on streets of gold.

164. Austin

Live music echoes,
The scent of tacos, smoky, sweet,
Breezes stir the trees,
Tech and soul blend in the air,
The sound of guitars and cheers.

165. Fort Worth

Cattle call through dusk,
The smell of leather, dust, and hay,
Boots crunch on the ground,
Cowboys, city streets meet here,
The taste of whiskey lingers.

166. El Paso

Desert heat rises,
The Rio Grande hums softly,
Chiles sizzle in oil,
Dust coats the air, thick and warm,
Sunset bleeds across the sky.

167. Arlington

Roller coasters spin,
Popcorn, candy, laughter loud,
Baseball fills the air,
The scent of hot dogs and pine,
Loud cheers pierce the summer heat.

168. Corpus Christi

Waves crash on the shore,
The salty air coats the skin,
Fried fish fills the breeze,
Birds cry in the hot summer sun,
Cool waters kiss bare feet.

169. Plano

Shops line wide streets,
Laughter rings in open parks,
The scent of fresh-cut grass,
Breezes carry voices clear,
Family gathers to play.

170. Lubbock

Wind dances with dust,
The plains stretch wide in silence,
Cornfields smell of earth,
The sun sets with a golden hue,
The hum of crickets fills the air.

171. Sam Houston

The steel of his gaze,
A battle cry in the breeze,
Whiskey fills the air,
The scent of gunpowder lingers,
The lone star glows in the night.

172. Lyndon B. Johnson

A southern drawl hums,
The press clatters on the desk,
Cigars fill the room,
The taste of ambition strong,
His voice echoes in history.

173. Davy Crockett

Leather boots crunch soil,
The scent of pine and firewood,
The roar of a rifle,
Wild eyes burn through smoke and dusk,
The stars above him are bright.

174. Willie Nelson

Guitar strums soft, clear,
Sweet smoke curls in the cool air,
Whiskey hums on lips,
The smell of grass and leather,
The stars shine in his music.

175. Lady Bird Johnson

Wildflowers bloom bright,
The scent of green fills the air,
Birdsongs drift through trees,
Her voice soft, full of wisdom,
A garden grows in her soul.

176. Stevie Ray Vaughan

Blues guitar wails loud,
Electric pulse shakes the room,
The scent of sweat, steel,
Fingers strum through smoky air,
The rhythm thrums deep within.

177. Texas Jack (William F. Cody)

Hoofbeats echo loud,
The wind carries dust and cries,
The scent of horse and sage,
Firelight dances in the dark,
History rides with him still.

178. Selena Quintanilla

The crowd sings her name,
Her voice sweet as summer's dusk,
Rose petals in air,
The scent of her perfume lingers,
Her spirit dances in hearts.

179. Chuck Norris

The ground shakes with might,
The scent of leather, sweat, and grit,
The snap of a punch cuts,
The roar of fists in the night air,
His presence is felt like thunder.

180. Mickey Mantle

The crack of the bat,
The scent of fresh-cut grass, sweet,
Leather gloves snap tight,
The roar of the crowd rises,
A legend runs the diamond.

181. Matthew McConaughey

A voice smooth as silk,
Sunset glows in the warm sky,
Whiskey fills the air,
The scent of leather and musk,
His grin lights up the wide world.

182. J.J. Watt

Thunder in the field,
The roar of cleats on turf, fierce,
Sweat stings in the air,
The scent of grass and victory,
Muscles strain, his heart beats loud.

183. Eva Longoria

Laughter fills the room,
Her voice rings with strength and grace,
The scent of perfume,
Elegance with every step,
Her eyes warm, her smile shines bright.

184. George Strait

His voice hums soft, low,
The scent of whiskey in the air,
Boots tap on the floor,
The strum of a steel guitar,
The taste of Texas in each note.

185. Spencer Wells (Geneticist)

The hum of the lab,
The scent of sterile silence,
Light flickers softly,
Bloodlines twist in his keen mind,
Answers bloom from ancient roots.

186. Selena Gomez

The music pulses,
Her voice smooth as velvet night,
Perfume fills the air,
Bright lights flash in a warm glow,
Her laughter carries so far.

187. Tony Romo

The field hums with heat,
The snap of a football flies,
The smell of fresh turf,
The wind rushes past his face,
Cheers echo as he throws far.

188. Von Erich Family (Wrestlers)

The crowd's roar is loud,
Leather boots stomp on the mat,
Sweat beads on their backs,
The scent of old leather lingers,
A dynasty built on strength.

189. Stone Cold Steve Austin

The glass shatters loud,
The scent of beer fills the air,
His boots stomp the floor,
The taste of victory sharp,
Crowd chants echo through the night.

190. Glenn Powell

Under bright lights' glow,
His voice smooth, a steady hum,
The scent of fresh hope,
Smiles wide, his eyes hold a spark,
The screen breathes life through his name.

191. Bix X Tha Plug

Bass humps in the dark,
Electric beats fill the air,
Rhythms pulse through skin,
A smooth flow cuts through the noise,
His voice echoes, low and clear.

192. Tommy Lee Jones

Gravel voice like stone,
Desert winds shape his sharp gaze,
Boots crunch dusty trails,
The scent of leather and grit,
Texas strength in every step.

193. Ethan Hawke

Dreamer’s steady gaze,
Words like whispers on the breeze,
Books and scripts well-worn,
Cedar scents of Texas hills,
A soul shaped by quiet skies.

194. The Battle of the Alamo (1836)

Cannon smoke lingers,
Stone walls echo cries of men,
Blood stains the cold ground,
The scent of bravery fills
The air thick with loss and pride.

195. Texas Declaration of Independence (1836)

Pens scratch on paper,
The faint scent of ink and wood,
Voices firm with hope,
The taste of freedom lingers,
Stars shine brighter in the night.

196. San Jacinto Victory (1836)

Shouts break the stillness,
Gunpowder stings in the air,
Steel clashes with force,
The taste of triumph burns hot,
Lone Star rises in the dawn.

197. Annexation of Texas (1845)

Cheers ring through the crowd,
Flags wave in the southern breeze,
Wood smoke scents the air,
The taste of hope fills their cups,
New horizons stretch afar.

198. The Spindletop Gusher (1901)

Oil bursts from the earth,
A roar shakes the ground beneath,
Black gold paints the sky,
The scent of wealth, crude and raw,
Greed hums with machinery.

199. Juneteenth Proclamation (1865)

Chains fall with a clang,
Freedom's cry pierces the air,
Tears taste bittersweet,
The scent of new dawns rises,
Hands reach for the light of hope.

200. The Texas City Disaster (1947)

Flames light the harbor,
The air burns with acrid smoke,
Explosions shake ground,
Salt stings lips as cries ring out,
Loss echoes in silent waves.

201. Apollo 11 Moon Landing (1969)

"Houston, we've landed,"
Static hums through silver air,
Pride tastes like sunlight,
Stars stretch beyond Texas skies,
The future whispers softly.

202. The Dust Bowl (1930s)

Winds howl through dry fields,
Dust coats lungs, tongues, and weary skin,
Crops wither to dust,
The bitter scent of despair
Chokes the vast, barren landscape.

203. Dallas Assassination of JFK (1963)

Shots crack the still air,
Crowds gasp in a heavy pause,
Fear tastes like cold steel,
The scent of history burns,
A nation weeps in silence.

204. Texas Horned Lizard

Dusty ground shifts slow,
Scales rough as sun-scorched pebbles,
A hiss in dry air,
Earthy scent of cactus blooms,
Eyes sharp, a tiny dragon.

205. Mexican Free-Tailed Bat

Wings brush through twilight,
Chittering fills cavern walls,
A rush of warm air,
Sweet musk of summer shadows,
Night's dancers beneath the moon.

206. Nine-Banded Armadillo

Shell taps on the ground,
Claws scrape earth in rhythmic beats,
Damp musk from burrows,
Moonlight gleams on armored curves,
A lone ranger in the dark.

207. Texas Longhorn

Majestic horns spread,
Hooves strike dry, cracking pasture,
Dust clouds rise like dreams,
Grassy scent of open plains,
Pride grazes beneath the sun.

208. Golden-Cheeked Warbler

Songs trill in pine groves,
Yellow streaks flash through green leaves,
Pine sap scents the breeze,
Tiny feathers brush the wind,
Hill Country hums with their song.

209. Cottonmouth Snake

Dark coils in shadows,
A warning hiss splits the air,
Cool swamp scents linger,
Scales like satin glide through reeds,
Venom waits beneath still eyes.

210. Kemp's Ridley Sea Turtle

Waves crash on the shore,
Fins trace sand with ancient grace,
Salt air fills the lungs,
Shells gleam in sunlight's embrace,
Life begins in shallow tides.

211. Texas Bluebonnet Bee

Wings hum, soft as dreams,
Bluebonnet fields buzz with life,
Nectar scents the air,
Pollen gold dusts fragile legs,
Sunlit labor in full bloom.

212. Ocelot

Eyes glint through the brush,
Silent steps stalk prey unseen,
Warm fur smells of dusk,
Jungle stripes in golden light,
The phantom of southern plains.

213. Black-Tailed Prairie Dog

Calls chirp through tall grass,
Tunnels hum with life below,
Earth's scent clings to fur,
Small paws grasp and dig with speed,
A city beneath the plains.

214. Cave Salamander

Deep in twilight caves,
Skin gleams red, slick as cool rain,
Drops echo through dark,
Earthy air hums, damp and still,
A secret life in shadows.

215. Rattlesnake Roundup

Drums of tails vibrate,
Dust swirls in the bustling pen,
Venom scents the air,
Leather gloves grip writhing coils,
West Texas hums with bold pride.

216. State Fair of Texas (Dallas)

Fried dough scent lingers,
Big Tex calls with booming cheer,
Lights whirl in cool air,
Cotton candy fingers stick,
Laughter roars with Ferris wheels.

217. South by Southwest (Austin)

Guitars hum the street,
Echoes bounce through crowded bars,
Hops and sweat combine,
Flickering screens glow with dreams,
Art ignites beneath the stars.

218. Texas Rodeo Season (Statewide)

Boots scuff dirt arenas,
Broncos kick as spurs flash bright,
Sweat and leather merge,
Crowds erupt in cheers and jeers,
The lone star gleams overhead.

219. Texas Renaissance Festival (Todd Mission)

Steel clashes with sparks,
Ale flows in frothy rivers,
Roasted meats perfume,
Laughter mingles with old tunes,
Time bends where lords and jesters meet.

220. Wurstfest (New Braunfels)

Accordions dance,
Beer mugs clink with hearty laughs,
Bratwurst scents the breeze,
Warm pretzels twist in strong hands,
German pride fills Texas skies.

221. Fiesta San Antonio

Parades fill the streets,
Confetti bursts in bright clouds,
Crisp tacos delight,
Trumpets blare as dancers spin,
History sings through the crowd.

222. Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo

Hats tip to the crowd,
Hooves pound in synchronized beats,
Brisket smokes the air,
Country stars strum fiery tunes,
Cowboy dreams take center stage.

223. Bluebonnet Festival (Burnet)

Fields bloom in deep blue,
Petals shimmer in soft winds,
Wild honey drips slow,
Kids chase bees with giggling joy,
Nature paints a Texas spring.

224. Poteet Strawberry Festival

Bright red fruits glisten,
Juice sweetens the southern sun,
Whipped cream crowns delights,
Fields hum with family laughter,
Summer's taste in every bite.

225. Dickens on the Strand (Galveston)

Carols fill cool nights,
Cobbled streets glow candlelit,
Mulled wine warms cold hands,
Costumed ghosts of Christmas past
Waltz where Texas meets the sea.

226. Bug Tussle, Texas

Crickets hum the night,
Fields of green sway under stars,
Sweet tea clinks in jars,
Locals laugh, “Don’t mind the name,”
Fireflies spark the quiet dark.

227. Ding Dong, Texas

Bells echo in jest,
Chimes of laughter fill the air,
Rusty signs proclaim,
“Welcome to Ding Dong, Texas,”
Whimsy lingers everywhere.

228. Cut and Shoot, Texas

Axes once held high,
Whispers of old feuds remain,
Gunpowder scents fade,
Pines sigh with a peaceful tune,
Legends linger in the breeze.

229. Hoop and Holler, Texas

Wind spins through the fields,
Cows graze near a winding road,
Boots stomp dusty ground,
Stories stretch with louder laughs,
Echoes hoop and holler on.

230. Uncertain, Texas

Fog drapes Caddo Lake,
Oars dip in waters unknown,
Cypress trees loom near,
Echoes of birds fill the hush,
Mystery hums, Uncertain calls.

231. No Trees, Texas

Horizon stretches,
Flat lands bear no leafy shade,
Sun blazes the plains,
Locals grin, “We’ve got the view,”
Skyline vast as Texas pride.

232. Jot 'Em Down, Texas

Ledger pages turn,
Shoppers list each item twice,
Cornbread scents the store,
Chatter fills the wooden walls,
History in hand-carved words.

233. Looneyville, Texas

Crows squawk overhead,
Pecans scatter in the grass,
Wind howls through the oaks,
Tales of quirky farmers spread,
Looney grins greet every guest.

234. Happy, Texas

Rolling hills whisper,
Cattle graze in peaceful herds,
Sunrise kisses grass,
Happy folks wave as you pass,
Joy blooms where this town begins.

235. Luckenbach, Texas

Guitars softly twang,
Old tunes drift beneath live oaks,
Beer cools calloused hands,
“Let’s get back to the basics,”
Time slows in Luckenbach’s arms.

236. Poetry, Texas

Verses in the breeze,
Whispers weave through cedar trees,
Fields hum with still rhyme,
Sunlight pens on golden grass,
Nature writes its quiet song.

237. The Alamo (San Antonio)

Stone walls hum with age,
Echoes of muskets still ring,
Dust clings to the air,
Salt from sweat on weary brows,
The smell of gunpowder lingers.

238. San Jacinto Battleground (Houston)

Thunder of hooves roars,
Grass stains where soldiers once stood,
Swords clash in the wind,
Saltwater kisses the shore,
History’s weight in each step.

239. Goliad (Goliad)

Old oak trees stand tall,
Whispers of sacrifice rise,
Smoke from campfires swirls,
Salted tears fall on the ground,
Echoes of courage remain.

240. Spindletop (Beaumont)

Oil bursts from the earth,
Black gold flows in wild currents,
The air thick with grease,
Heat radiates from the ground,
Faint scent of machinery.

241. Davy Crockett's Grave (Nacogdoches)

Cedar trees sigh low,
Wildflowers brush the still stones,
The breeze carries pine,
Silent reverence hums here,
Davy's spirit stands steadfast.

242. Lyndon B. Johnson Ranch (Stonewall)

Morning sun kisses hills,
Air thick with peach orchards' scent,
Horses neigh nearby,
History in every step,
The past lingers on warm wind.

243. Caddo Lake (Uncertain)

Moss drips from the trees,
Water laps against the shore,
Cool air whispers low,
The scent of wet earth and leaves,
Ancient spirits brush the mist.

244. Fort Worth Stockyards (Fort Worth)

Leather, dust, and iron,
The clang of hooves fills the air,
Barbecue smoke drifts,
Laughter in every saloon,
Cowboy hats tip with pride.

245. Texas State Capitol (Austin)

Granite steps beneath feet,
The dome glows in the dusk light,
The scent of old wood,
Voices hum in the chambers,
History presses the stone.

246. Chisholm Trail (Throughout Texas)

Hooves beat on the plains,
Cattle low in the hot sun,
Dust rises like smoke,
The taste of sweat on rough lips,
The trail winds beyond the horizon.

247. Landmen of Texas

Maps spread on the desk,
Ink stains on calloused fingers,
Dust from the earth rises,
Deals signed with a firm handshake,
The land hums with future dreams.

248. Roughnecks on the Rig

Steel twists, sparks fly high,
Sweat beads in the Texas heat,
Engines roar like storms,
The air thick with grit and oil,
Roughnecks shout above the roar.

249. Oil's Pulse Beneath

The earth shakes below,
Black gold seeps from ancient rocks,
Machines groan and hum,
The scent of oil fills the air,
Power flows through every vein.

250. Texas Oil's Power

Pipelines stretch for miles,
Rigs pierce the darkened sky high,
Barrels stack in rows,
The world turns with each drop pumped,
Texas keeps the lights aglow.

251. Dawn's Arrival

Golden light cascades,
touching jagged limestone walls,
crisp air bites my skin,
eagle's cry pierces the calm,
sagebrush whispers tales of dawn.

252. The Wind's Song

Howling winds rush past,
shaking creosote and oak,
sand tastes on my lips,
El Capitan stands steadfast,
a sentinel of the sky.

253. Rocky Solitude

Under my fingers,
cool stone etched with ancient time,
a dry scent of dust,
silence broken by footfalls,
echoes lost in sunlit heights.

254. Desert Symphony

Cactus blooms explode,
soft against harsh desert spines,
their sweet scent mingles
with sun-warmed rock's earthy breath,
a symphony in stillness.

255. Twilight Majesty

Purple shadows fall,
blanketing the rugged cliffs,
stars prick velvet skies,
the chill whispers on my face—
El Capitan, vast and bold.

256. Echoes of Time

Each step reverberates,
ghosts of pioneers linger,
wind carves stories here,
gritty air tastes like ages,
history in every breath.

257. Heatwave Mirage

Sunlight blurs the peaks,
heat waves ripple through the air,
sweat drips down my brow,
the tang of thirst fills my throat,
landscape bends, unreal yet vast.

258. Clouds Kiss the Heights

Billowing clouds drift,
brushing craggy limestone walls,
a scent of fresh rain
rises from the desert floor,
nature's soft embrace aloft.

259. Sunrise Alchemy

Orange flames ignite skies,
limestone turns to molten gold,
cool breeze hugs my face,
birdsong breaks the waking hush—
El Capitan, sun reborn.

260. Sacred Stillness

At this hallowed height,
time slows, senses sharpen here—
sage, wind, rock, and sky,
El Capitan's grand silence
whispers truths beyond our reach.

261. A Sentinel of Stone

Rugged stone reaches,
El Capitan pierces sky,
azure heavens stretch.
Sun warms the ancient surface,
eagle cries echo below.

262. Whispering Winds

Whistling through dry rocks,
wind carries desert secrets—
a soft, haunting tune.
Bristly junipers shiver,
nature's hymn fills the still air.

263. Sunlit Summit

Heat dances upward,
mirages weave in the haze—
the peak's glow beckons.
Golden dust coats tired hands,
grit of earth, a taste of pride.

264. Sacred Silence

Above, clouds drift low;
silence wraps the soaring peak,
a realm of stillness.
Dry air fills lungs with courage,
touch of sky feels near divine.

265. Skybound Ascent

Boots crunch on gravel,
scent of sagebrush fills the trail—
arid, earthy musk.
Each breath tastes of altitude,
each step leads to boundless views.

266. Shadows and Sun

Shadows stretch downward,
chiseled face of stone aglow,
sunlight paints the cliffs.
Warm granite hums with the day,
the faint smell of storm lingers.

267. Echoes of the Past

Time carved this great peak,
whispers of ancients resound,
their voices still strong.
Feel the ridge’s rough texture,
history beneath your feet.

268. Midnight Majesty

Stars crown the summit,
night unveils a jeweled sky,
a cosmic embrace.
The cool stone hums with moonlight,
crickets sing of hidden worlds.

269. High Desert Vision

From peak, the world spreads,
Chihuahuan desert vast—
shifting sands below.
Heat waves blur the horizon,
earth’s breath touches every pore.

270. Solitary Triumph

Heart pounds at the top,
a lone hawk cuts through the blue,
freedom's sharp whistle.
Air smells pure, like clear morning,
hands brush clouds—Texas conquered.

271. Barton Creek’s Flow

Crystal waters sing,
dappled light through leaves dances,
cold shocks warming skin,
smooth stones glide beneath my feet,
the creek whispers tales of peace.

272. Sunlit Canopy

Golden rays filter
through a veil of ancient oaks,
air smells clean, alive,
chirping cicadas hum loud,
shade cools the sweat on my brow.

273. Hidden Grotto

Moss clings to rock walls,
dripping water taps the pool,
its chill bites my toes,
sharp mineral scent lingers,
laughter echoes soft and clear.

274. Rope Swing Flight

Fingers grip the rope,
heels kick off the weathered bark,
air rushes my face,
a sharp plunge, the splash explodes—
freedom in the emerald depths.

275. Violet Crown Glow

Sun dips behind hills,
hues of violet paint the sky,
cedar's tang surrounds,
cool breeze whispers in the dusk,
Austin's soul breathes through this path.

276. Karst Caves Below

Caverns in limestone,
hidden wonders cool and damp,
earthy air wraps me,
water drips in hollow tones,
echoes murmur secrets deep.

277. Lost in the Green

Branches weave above,
a canopy cathedral,
sap's sharp scent surrounds,
leaves crunch softly underfoot,
time dissolves into the wild.

278. Sculpture Falls' Dance

Water leaps from cliffs,
foam crowns every crashing wave,
mist chills sunlit skin,
smooth stones glisten, bright and worn,
nature's artistry unveiled.

279. Twin Falls' Embrace

Two streams intertwine,
their laughter fills the still air,
sun sparkles like glass,
damp moss cushions resting feet,
tranquility in motion.

280. Wildflower Symphony

Bluebonnets unfurl,
vivid petals brush my hands,
sweet perfume drifts by,
bees hum in a lazy waltz,
the Greenbelt blooms, wild and free.

281. Lone Star Pride

The sky’s big enough,
where boots stomp and spurs do shine,
howdy fills the air,
ain’t no place like Texas plains,
we’re all fixin’ to stand tall.

282. Bluebonnet Blooms

Yonder fields of blue,
spread like gossip in the spring,
sweet as honeysuckle,
ain’t it purdy? Bless my stars,
wildflowers dance with the breeze.

283. Mesquite Grill Nights

Smoky mesquite wood,
barbecue slow-cooked just right,
don’t skimp on the sauce—
“Come and get it,” hollers loud,
hunger’s bark is bigger here.

284. Dust Devil Spins

West Texas wind blows,
kickin’ up a mighty fit,
grit in my sweet tea,
y’all better hang on to hats,
she’s a real barn burner now.

285. Cattle Drive

Hooves thunder like storms,
dust rises, coats every breath,
“Git along, lil’ dogies,”
ranchers holler with a grin,
Texas trails stretch wide and true.

286. Oil Field Dawn

Pumps nod in the haze,
black gold flows from earth’s deep veins,
slicker than a snake,
roughnecks sweat through gritted teeth,
Texan grit fuels the whole world.

287. Porch Swing Stories

Sit a spell with me,
iced tea kisses summer lips,
“Don’t that beat all?”
Granny spins a tall tale true,
cicadas hum the chorus.

288. Rodeo Lights

Broncos buck and spin,
dust sparkles in the arena,
“Cowboy up!” they shout,
spurs flash under Texas stars,
wild hearts race beneath the glow.

289. State Fair Thrills

Big Tex tips his hat,
corn dogs sizzle in the air,
ain’t nothin’ finer,
Texas twang fills Ferris wheels,
“Y’all try the fried pecan pie!”

290. Hill Country Wine

Vines stretch toward the sun,
“Pour me a tall one,” she grins,
notes of peach and oak,
ain’t life grand, sittin’ right here,
watchin’ sunsets paint the hills.

291. Thunderstorms Roll

Rain pounds like drumbeats,
“Lordy, it’s a gully-washer!”
lightning splits the night,
air smells sharp, alive with sparks,
Texan skies put on a show.

292. Small-Town Diner

Biscuits soft as clouds,
“Pass the gravy,” drawls a voice,
hot coffee warms hands,
“Bless your heart, darlin’, eat up,”
love tastes like home in Texas.

293. Gulf Coast Dreams

Shrimp boats line the dock,
sea breeze tangy with salt spray,
“Y’all seen the sunrise?”
Pelicans dive, fish jump high,
Texas tides call hearts to roam.

294. Wild West Ruins

Adobe crumbles,
under stars that saw gunfights,
“Reckon it’s haunted,”
ghost towns whisper tales of gold,
Texas past sleeps in the dust.

295. Spring-fed Rivers

Clear as a cow's bell,
Guadalupe's cool embrace,
"Y'all come cool your heels,"
tubing down her lazy path,
laughs echo through canyon walls.

296. Buc-ee's Heaven

Beaver grins wide bright,
gas pumps hum like steady bees,
"Grab me some jerky,"
Texas-sized convenience reigns,
travelers find rest and snacks.

297. High School Lights

Friday night blazes,
stadiums roar, hearts beat fast,
"Clear eyes, full hearts," calls,
small towns unite under lights,
football dreams shine bright as stars.

298. Riverwalk Nights

Lights wink on the stream,
mariachi strums a tune,
"Y'all seen somethin' so fine?"
tamales, laughter, warm breeze—
San Antonio magic.

299. Texas Two-Step

Boots slide, heels click soft,
"Care to dance, sugar?" he grins,
fiddle fills the air,
she spins, grinning ear to ear,
dance halls echo Texan love.

300. Capitol's Glow

Marble shines at dusk,
Austin's heart beats through her dome,
"Y'all feel history?"
Texans gather, heads held high,
pride carved in each weathered stone.

301. Sky's Infinite Quilt

Above Texas plains,
clouds stitch a sprawling patchwork,
threads of gold at dusk,
wind hums songs of open skies—
a Lone Star dream draped in blue.

302. Ghostly Spurs

Echoes in moonlight,
ghost riders blur the canyon,
hooves of mist and dust,
laughter lost to time still stirs,
Texas night keeps secrets close.

303. Pecos Mirage

Heat waves twist the air,
a shimmer of nowhere calls,
silent coyotes stare,
water that can't quench the thirst—
dreams die on the desert floor.

304. Barbed Wire Whispers

Fences crisscross time,
sharp edges hold memories,
sunlight glints on steel,
cowhands' sweat soaks old stories,
boundaries hum with soft regret.

305. Prairie Lullaby

Crickets serenade,
fields sway in a rhythm soft,
starlight grazes grass,
warm breezes carry the hum—
the earth breathes a Texas tune.

306. Red Dirt Promises

Rivers carve the land,
red dirt clings to boots like truth,
a story unfolds,
each grain whispers: "Stand your ground,"
Texas roots run deep and sure.

307. Skybound Horizon

Bluebonnets reach high,
stretching toward the endless sky,
a hawk's cry cuts through,
freedom tastes like wildflowers,
the horizon never stops.

308. Smoke and Thunder

Campfire embers rise,
braiding with lightning above,
whiskey warms the chill,
stories roar like midnight storms—
Texas burns fierce in the soul.

309. Shadow of the Star

A lone star shimmers,
painted on a velvet night,
soft as a whisper,
it lights paths we cannot see—
Texas dreams shine bold, yet far.

310. Eternal Trail

Bootsteps fade in sand,
dust trails spiral toward the sun,
time stands still out here,
the wind erases no name—
Texas endures, always true.

311. Star-Cut Veil

A veil of stars falls,
carving shapes in endless dark,
sky spills silver tears,
the horizon stretches wide,
Texas whispers, "I am here."

312. Bone-Dry Symphony

Wind scrapes cracked earth's ribs,
a rattler's hiss threads the air,
dust dances like ghosts,
heat hums its relentless song—
a Texas sonata born.

313. Firebrush Dreams

Cactus blooms ignite,
flames of crimson, gold, and hope,
arid winds cradle
these bright prayers in the desert,
Texas speaks in burning hues.

314. Gilded Mirage

Sunlight drips like gold,
pooling in canyon crevices,
time folds in on itself,
each stone sings forgotten hymns,
Texas past shines, bold and raw.

315. Horizon's Lullaby

Mountains rise and fade,
brushed by clouds like fleeting dreams,
prairie grasses bow,
each whisper a memory—
Texas breathes where time stands still.

316. Thunder's Oath

Lightning cracks the plains,
splitting sky like rawhide torn,
rain baptizes earth,
a storm's promise leaves its mark—
Texas roars in restless sleep.

317. Bluebonnet Waltz

Fields drenched in sapphire,
wildflowers weave rivers soft,
perfumed with spring's touch,
feet waltz in whispered currents—
Texas blooms where hearts take root.

318. Chiseled by Time

Canyons hold their breath,
etched by wind's relentless hand,
shadows spill like ink,
each curve tells an ageless tale—
Texas carved in stone and sky.

319. Oil Field Reverie

Pumps rise and fall slow,
machines mimicking earth's pulse,
black gold seeps like blood,
Texas veins flow rich and deep,
feeding dreams of endless flame.

320. Sky's Unbroken Glass

Lone hawks carve the sky,
in a sea of endless blue,
air smells sweet with pine,
a quiet vastness whispers—
Texas sings in boundless chords.

321. Rusted Memory

Fences long forgotten
tangle with mesquite and time,
rust drips down like tears,
holding lands both free and bound—
Texas bleeds in shades of past.

322. Painted Sunrise

Brushstrokes of amber
swirl across dawn's quiet face,
a firebird takes flight,
its wings casting radiant hope—
Texas wakes beneath the blaze.

323. Starlit Echoes

Coyotes sing low,
their voices stitch velvet nights,
a hymn to the moon,
each echo soft, eternal—
Texas dreams beneath its stars.

324. Amber Tide

Waves of wheat ripple,
fields drenched in honeyed twilight,
wind moves like a prayer,
earth bends beneath heaven's gaze—
Texas glows in golden hues.

325. Shadow's Embrace

Mesquite trees hold dusk,
branches cradle moonlight's weight,
crickets serenade,
their song a warm, dark blanket—
Texas rests in shadow's arms.

326. Crimson Reverie

Sunsets bleed on plains,
spilling over endless miles,
wind whispers like fire,
burning with untamed desire—
Texas holds the wild within.

327. Whispers in the Dust

Boot-prints mark the trail,
dust swirls, carrying secrets,
the earth hums softly,
each step a story untold—
Texas walks with ancient pride.

328. Skyborne Freedom

Clouds drift wide and free,
their shadows dance over hills,
hawks glide with the breeze,
each feather a quiet hymn—
Texas soars where earth meets sky.

329. Eternal Embers

Campfires long gone cold,
ashes cradle old whispers,
sparks linger in dreams,
flames that never truly die—
Texas smolders, burning bright.

330. Hidden Currents

Rivers carve the stone,
their laughter an endless thread,
roots drink from the flow,
beneath the surface it churns—
Texas beats with quiet strength.

331. Canyon Majesty

Red walls tower high,
Whispers of the canyon winds
Dance through Palo Duro.
Dust coats boots as scents of sage
Rise beneath the pale blue skies.

332. Amarillo Dawn

Golden fields of grain,
Windmills creak in the sunrise—
A slow waltz of light.
Coffee steams in roadside stops,
Biscuits waft through morning air.

333. Caprock Shadows

Caprock Escarpment—
A jagged edge of the world,
Silent but watching.
A hawk's cry splits the stillness,
Its wings casting fleeting shade.

334. Ranchland Eternity

A sea of cattle
Moves with slow, deliberate grace,
Hooves beat dusty paths.
Leather, sweat, and sunlight mix
With the sharp tang of the plains.

335. Railway Echoes

Freight trains howl through night,
Steel wheels carving Panhandle
Into endless lines.
The cold metal tang of rails
Hums where earth and progress meet.

336. Tumbleweed Ballet

Winds carry whispers,
Tumbleweeds pirouette by
On nature's stage play.
Thorns scratch at the barren ground,
A dry rattle fills the air.

337. Winter's Grip

Snow veils Amarillo—
A blanket that chills the soul,
Yet cradles the land.
The sharp bite of icy air
Mingles with smoke from chimneys.

338. Big Sky Reverie

Endless, azure skies
Stretch where eagles dare to soar,
Framing wild freedom.
The sun's heat blankets my skin,
Sweetgrass rustles in the breeze.

339. Harvest Rhythm

Combines churn the fields,
Engines hum a victory
Of men and machines.
Fresh hay scents the twilight air,
Stars crown farmers' weary rest.

340. Wind Whisperers

Turbines carve the sky,
Great white arms of progress spin,
Summoning the wind.
The faint whir hums like a hymn,
A prayer sung to open skies.

341. Lakefront Serenity

Ripples kiss the shore,
Cedar Creek reflects the sky—
Blue depths hold secrets.
The tang of fish fills the air,
Pine and cedar trees sway slow.

342. Gun Barrel Nights

Neon lights flicker,
Gun Barrel's hum fills the dark—
Bars and diners call.
The scent of brisket and beer
Lingers as boots tap on wood.

343. Fishing at Dawn

Rod bends, line goes taut,
Sunrise gilds the glassy lake—
Nature's treasure hunt.
Fish scales flash, a salty tang
Rises from the morning mist.

344. Malakoff's Quiet Charm

Church bells softly chime,
Malakoff basks in stillness—
A town steeped in faith.
Baking bread scents Sunday air,
Homes glow warm with kindness near.

345. Seven Points Revelry

Boats dance on the waves,
Seven Points buzzes with life—
Music by the docks.
Barbecue smoke twists skyward,
The tang of joy fills the air.

346. Trinidad Sunsets

Golden light cascades,
Horizon drips with colors—
A painter's last brush.
Crickets sing, their chorus blends
With the earthy musk of dusk.

347. Tool's Hidden Trails

Winding paths call out,
Tool's green canopy whispers
Of secrets to find.
Leaves crunch under wandering feet,
Pine sap clings to fingertips.

348. Mabank's Market Day

Rows of crafts and goods,
Mabank blooms in bustling trade—
Laughter fills the square.
Candied pecans, fresh-baked pies,
Sweetness wraps the vibrant scene.

349. Skiing the Wake

Waves part, spray erupts,
Laughter rings from speeding boats—
Thrill rides on the lake.
Water slaps against tanned skin,
The lake's tang clings to my lips.

350. Fireworks at the Lake

Explosions of light,
Reflected stars on the waves—
Echoes of freedom.
Gunpowder scents the warm air,
Cheers rise like waves to the sky.

351. Rain on the Docks

Raindrops patter soft,
Docks shimmer, the lake ripples—
A soothing ballet.
Earthy cedar scents arise,
Cool air brushes flushed faces.

352. Autumn at Cedar Creek

Red and gold leaves drift,
Autumn whispers through the trees—
A crisp transformation.
Woodsmoke weaves through chilly air,
Boots crunch trails of scattered leaves.

353. Night on the Water

Moonlight scatters stars,
Crickets serenade the lake—
A nocturnal hymn.
Cool mist drapes my skin like silk,
The faint musk of algae stirs.

354. Fishing Tales in Tool

Tales of fish and lore
Circle round Tool's coffee shops—
Voices rough but kind.
Cinnamon rolls scent the air,
Laughter fills old wooden chairs.

355. Gun Barrel's Legacy

Named for a straight shot,
Gun Barrel's grit lives on still—
A town forged in pride.
Leather belts creak, cowboy boots
Strike echoes on dusty streets.

356. Winter's Embrace

Frost etches windows,
Snow dusts docks and frozen shores—
Cedar Creek in white.
Hot cocoa steams in cold hands,
Firewood crackles in the hearth.

357. Lake House Summers

Porches groan with life,
Families gather, laughter booms—
The lake house wakes up.
Sweet tea clinks in Mason jars,
The faint hum of cicadas grows.

358. Malakoff Brickworks

Kilns once roared with fire,
Now silent, they tell the tale
Of hands that shaped clay.
The dry scent of sun-warmed bricks
Lingers on historic grounds.

359. Tool's Starry Skies

Milky Way above,
Tool's dark skies invite wonder—
Heaven comes to earth.
The crisp night air chills my breath,
A scent of dew greets the dawn.

360. Fishing Derby Buzz

Crowds line the docks close,
Fishing rods and nets ready—
The derby begins.
Fresh fish flop in woven nets,
Cheers rise like rippling waters.

361. Birdsong in Trinidad

Morning calls of doves
Ring through Trinidad's oak groves—
A hymn of the wild.
Cedar bark flakes in my hands,
The air rich with blooming life.

362. Moonlit Boating

Paddles cut the lake,
Moonlight spills on tranquil waves—
Stillness wrapped in glow.
Cool, damp air clings to my skin,
The sweet scent of summer drifts.

363. Mabank's Melodies

Fiddlers fill the night,
Mabank's bluegrass serenades
Float like the fireflies.
Grilled corn scents the festival,
Feet tap to a country tune.

364. Hidden Coves Beckon

Coves hide tranquil pools,
The lake whispers come explore—
A secret awaits.
Fish dart through shadows below,
Sun-warmed rocks cradle my feet.

365. Cedar Creek Farewell

Waves lap softly close,
The lake breathes a final sigh—
Sunset bids goodbye.
Cedar mingles with still air,
Memories linger like mist.

366. Glass Beneath the Sky

Mirror lake ripples,
Azure shatters into shards—
Clouds swirl in the depths.
Cedar sap perfumes the breeze,
Warm sun kisses my bare skin.

367. Breath of Stillness

Lake exhales mist slow,
Silver tongues lick cedar roots—
A shivering hush.
Earthy tang of mossy docks,
Water whispers, cold and soft.

368. Hidden Veins of Gold

Sunlight veins the waves,
Liquid gold in motion swirls—
Treasure never stilled.
Cool ripples lap at damp toes,
Cedar musk clings to the wind.

369. Liquid Horizon

Sky melts into lake,
Boundaries blur in twilight—
Endless cobalt sea.
The faint taste of copper hums,
As stars blink in watery eyes.

370. Cedar Cathedral

Arched trees frame the lake,
Stained-glass leaves hold sunlight's glow—
Nature's quiet church.
A loon's cry cuts through the still,
Air laced with damp earth and pine.

371. Dappled Shadows

Ripples scatter light,
Dappled trees sway with the waves—
A dance on water.
Resin scents the humid air,
The breeze brushes whispers low.

372. Silver in Motion

Moonlight splinters wide,
Silver arrows pierce the lake—
A quiver of light.
Cool night air drapes like velvet,
Cedar tang sharp in my breath.

373. Siren's Canvas

Emeralds and blues,
The lake painted with whispers—
A siren's soft call.
Fish scales glint beneath the waves,
Sweet pine mingles with salt air.

374. Mist-Cloaked Morning

Fog cradles the lake,
Blankets of gray hush the world—
Soft whispers of dawn.
Pine's sharp tang cuts through the mist,
Chill clings to my fingertips.

375. Infinite Echo

Water answers sky,
Infinity mirrored close—
A vast, open hymn.
Dragonflies hum through thick reeds,
Cedar oil scents the still air.

376. Ethereal Drift

Clouds drift on the waves,
Water catches fleeting dreams—
Echoes of the sky.
Crisp pine needles scent the breeze,
Warmth settles on sandy shores.

377. Swirling Mosaic

Pebbles line the shore,
Tiny prisms underfoot—
A mosaic moves.
Cool ripples lap against skin,
Earthy cedar soothes the air.

378. Firefly Horizons

Dusk lights the water,
Fireflies weave above the waves—
Stars in mirrored skies.
The hum of crickets, so near,
Mingles with warm cedar's breath.

379. Woven Reflections

Trees bend to the lake,
Branches sew waves with shadows—
Threads of green and blue.
Sharp pine bites the drifting wind,
Cool spray dots my open palms.

380. Lake's Open Palm

Wide lake stretches far,
A hand offering stillness—
Peace cradled in blue.
The air hums with birdcall joy,
Water tastes of quiet dreams.

381. Breathing Stillness

The lake breathes shallow,
Rhythms weave through cedar boughs—
A living heartbeat.
Sweet tea tang lingers on lips,
Cool damp clings to bare shoulders.

382. Cedar's Song

Waves lap the shoreline,
Carving songs in earth and stone—
Nature's lullaby.
Resin's spice fills heavy air,
Sunlight flickers soft and warm.

383. Glass Shards of Dusk

Dusk shatters the lake,
Glass fragments drift in twilight—
A kaleidoscope.
Warm cedar mingles with dew,
Faint echoes of laughter fade.

384. Rippling Stars

Stars kiss the still lake,
Ripples swallow constellations—
A moving heaven.
Chill night tang stings on my tongue,
Damp grass bends beneath my feet.

385. Murmured Depths

The lake murmurs low,
Secrets hidden in its depths—
Stories left untold.
Earth's scent rises with the wind,
Water cools my searching hands.

386. Liquid Canyons

Waves carve shifting paths,
Liquid canyons born each day—
Water's sculptor's hands.
Resin clings to sunlit air,
Lake mist swirls against warm skin.

387. Golden Touch

Light pools on the waves,
Cedar's limbs stretch toward gold—
A gilded embrace.
The sun's heat warms grassy shores,
Salt and pine mingle, sharp-sweet.

388. Fingers of Blue

Water stretches far,
Blue fingers grasping the sky—
Harmony at play.
The soft hum of bees nearby,
Freshwater tang fills my lungs.

389. Dreams on the Shore

Pebbles line the edge,
Dreams gather where lake meets land—
Fragments of the past.
Cool waves weave through cedar roots,
The faint spice of pine wafts high.

390. Stillness Awakes

Shadows bend with dawn,
Cedar Creek yawns, slow, alive—
A world yet unstirred.
Air thick with musk and resin,
Warm light dances in the waves.

391. Morning Reverie

Church bells toll at dawn,
a rooster's hymn splits the air,
dust swirls on Main Street—
oil-stained boots tap on pavement,
sunrise gilds a silent square.

392. Porch Harmony

Screen doors clap like drums,
sweet tea sweats in mason jars,
red dirt coats bare feet—
mosquitoes hum ghostly tunes,
porch swings sway with whispered tales.

393. Amber Fields

A tractor's slow chug,
hay bales dot a golden sea,
cottonwood seeds drift—
their white whispers coat the breeze,
dreams unfurl in amber fields.

394. Mesquite Memory

Barbecue smoke rolls
down the one-lane gravel road,
a stray dog watches—
the scent of mesquite mingles
with faded denim laughter.

395. Neon Ghosts

Torn posters flutter
on an old honky-tonk wall,
boots crush bottle caps—
neon beer signs hum softly,
moonlight seeps through broken glass.

396. Moonlit Serenade

Creaking rocking chairs
keep time with cicada songs,
a harvest moon swells—
stars drip like honey on fields,
painting barns with silver glow.

397. Echoes on Steel

Railroad tracks shimmer,
heat waves blur the distant pines,
a train's ghostly wail—
its echo wraps the still town,
time stretches like molten steel.

398. Summer Glow

A screen flickers faint
at the last drive-in theater,
crickets fill the gaps—
lovers' laughter drifts like smoke,
summer nights bleed into stars.

399. Dairy Queen Nights

Rusted pickup trucks
lined outside the Dairy Queen,
dripping with sunsets—
the jukebox plays country tunes,
hearts bloom beneath fading lights.

400. Gravel Threads

Gravel roads unravel,
threads of memory woven—
windshields splashed with rain,
the scent of sage and cedar
clings to a sky split by bolts.

401. Domino Dreams

Old men in straw hats
play dominoes by the store,
the clock hands drag slow—
their stories scatter like seeds,
growing wild in young hearts.

402. Firefly Jars

Fireflies explode green
above a creek's soft murmur,
children catch their glow—
jarred light dances like daydreams,
innocence bottled for years.

403. Hymns in the Shadows

Baptist hymns rise up
through oak-shadowed graveyards,
dew coats marble stones—
faint whispers linger in air,
a legacy etched in moss.

404. Tin Roof Rhapsody

Tin roofs hum with rain,
coffee brews in chipped old cups,
wet dogs shake outside—
the smell of earth and promise
fills the air like Sunday hope.

405. Carnival Dreams

A carnival spins,
cotton candy clouds dissolve,
midnight rides creak loud—
the Ferris wheel scrapes the stars,
dreams linger on dusty grounds.

406. Biscuit Dawn

A lone rooster crows,
light spills through frostbitten glass,
biscuits rise with steam—
life begins with quiet care,
a stove's hum warms the still air.

407. Barn Shadows

Shadows fall on barns,
weathered wood breathes in the dusk,
cows low in the fields—
silos stand like sentinels,
guarding secrets of the plains.

408. Flag Day Joy

The town square bustles,
frayed flags snap in the brisk wind,
pies cool on windows—
aromas weave through laughter,
celebration grips the streets.

409. Fading Lights

Lone stoplights flicker,
casting pools of dusty light
on cracked sidewalks bare—
the world shrinks to footsteps' weight,
dreams escape through whispered pines.

410. Grazing Dawn

Horses graze in mist,
their breath clouds the frosted air,
fences frame the dawn—
a whip cracks like a heartbeat,
silence settles into stone.

411. Windmill Echo

A rusty windmill
sings in the dry autumn breeze,
crows scatter like ash—
their cries bleed into the blue,
a sky stretched too wide for words.

412. Dirt-Smeared Dreams

Little league baseball—
the crack of bat meets the sun,
cheers split humid air—
hot dogs sizzle in the stands,
hope rides on dirt-smeared faces.

413. Funnel Cake Sky

Parade floats crawl by,
glitter rains on gravel streets,
bands march out of tune—
corn dogs drip with mustard streams,
joy smells like fried funnel cakes.

414. Sentinels of Dust

Sunflowers nod slow,
their faces tilted to warmth,
tractors hum their hymns—
paint-peeling barns hold secrets
of hands that toiled for this life.

415. Strings of Texas

A lone guitar hums
in a smoky roadside bar,
bourbon scents the air—
a cowboy sings to the stars,
Texas dreams bloom on worn strings.

416. Whiskey Heat

Whiskey burns my throat,
laughter swirls in smoky air,
neon lights flicker—
cold steel clinks with drunk fingers,
dusty boots stomp on the floor.

417. Tequila Thunder

A dry wind howls loud,
tequila stings on my lips,
laughter like thunder—
the jukebox hums a sad tune,
ashes fall, mixing with dust.

418. Poker Night Smoke

The scent of bourbon,
rough hands shuffle poker chips,
fists pound the old bar—
cigarette smoke thickens skies,
cracked leather creaks beneath feet.

419. Neon Nights

Boots scrape rough floorboards,
whiskey and sweet lime mix close,
cowboy hats sway slow—
a shot glass shatters mid-song,
the door slams like thunder's roar.

420. Spicy Sunsets

Moonlight through the cracks,
beer tastes like summer's last breath,
voices roar like storms—
rumble of tires in the night,
the bar's walls hum with their heat.

421. The Last Call

Salt on my lips now,
laughter fills the low-lit space,
the jukebox spins loud—
ice cubes crack in the dim glass,
a fight breaks out, silence falls.

422. The Texas Sting

Cactus flowers bloom,
beer cans crush underfoot, loud—
the bar smells like heat—
whiskey spills on the cracked wood,
a fight, a brawl, the lights flicker.

423. Fire and Ice

Cigarette smoke curls,
the bitter taste of gin lingers,
loud voices rising—
fingernails scrape on glass, fierce,
boots kick up dust in the air.

424. Steak and Tequila

The heat of tequila,
grilled steaks on a smoky grill,
cheers fill the old air—
fingers tapping the bar's edge,
dusty chairs creak under weight.

425. Cold Shot, Hot Air

Lime slices in hand,
a shot glass glows with amber,
laughter splashes wide—
the music thumps like heartbeats,
sticky floors, the door bangs shut.

426. Boots and Blues

Hands meet with a slap,
tequila burns and laughter swells,
the smell of raw smoke—
boots shuffle to the rhythm,
cactus spines on leather seats.

427. Whiskey Echo

Cold glass chills my hands,
the scent of old whiskey floats,
voices thick as mud—
fingers drum on the oak wood,
dust swirls in the moonlit cracks.

428. Neon Aftershock

Hot jalapenos,
sweet taste of tequila hits hard,
laughter shakes the walls—
the neon glow flickers fast,
footsteps echo on the street.

429. Cracked Bottle

Cattle dust in air,
the sting of gin and lime mix,
cigarettes glow red—
a fight sparks, chairs crash loudly,
the jukebox spins round and round.

430. Rough Texas Nights

Sweet beer on my lips,
the rough sound of boots on wood,
laughter bursts and breaks—
a howl in the night rises loud,
a slow drip from the ceiling.

431. Burnt Leather

A cracked beer bottle,
sharp, sweet taste of whiskey's burn,
the heat in the room—
hands grip tight on the table,
dust swirls as voices grow loud.

432. Sizzling Smokes

Spicy heat from ribs,
cigarette tips glow and burn,
fingers tap the bar—
the jukebox hums with heartbreak,
glasses shimmer in the haze.

433. Summer's Last Sip

Sunset outside fades,
the bitter taste of whiskey stays,
voices echo wild—
a fight breaks out, tables shake,
neon flickers as it dies.

434. Whiskey Glow

Bourbon on my lips,
rough laughter fills the room wide,
the jukebox spins slow—
neon flickers, dimming low,
dust rises in the air's hum.

435. Old Bar Blues

Hands slap the table,
cold beer pours and splashes wide,
the smell of wet wood—
boots stomp, old floorboards creak loud,
the door slams like a warning.

436. Lime and Leather

Sizzling fajitas,
smoke curls, burns my eyes, I cough,
whiskey thick on lips—
voices shout through haze of fog,
bottles crash, the glass breaks clear.

437. The Final Round

Hot sauce stings my tongue,
the bass rumbles low and hard,
the bar smells of smoke—
a fight begins, sharp and quick,
the jukebox bleeds out a song.

438. Cracked and Wild

The scent of old leather,
fingers drum on beer-stained wood,
laughter cracks the air—
the sting of tequila burns deep,
cowboy boots scrape through dust.

439. Dust and Drums

Boots scrape the dirt slow,
cold beer slides down smooth and fast,
the smell of the night—
voices echo, cracking glass,
the door slams, the bar is alive.

440. Thick Smoke and Gold

The bar hums with heat,
whiskey's sweetness lingers low,
fists pound and rumble—
boots slide through the sticky floor,
neon lights flicker once more.

441. Morning Waves

Salt on the breeze,
sand grits between my fingers,
waves curl like secrets,
the sun paints the ocean gold—
heart beats in sync with the tide.

442. Waking the Surf

Feet in the wet sand,
shadows stretch, still and waiting,
crashing thunder calls,
sea foam dances, a soft kiss,
taste of salt upon my lips.

443. Saltwater Heart

Fingers trace the board,
sunburn whispers on my skin,
waves sigh in rhythm,
each rise a fleeting heartbeat—
my soul rides the silver crest.

444. Texas Horizon

The surf roars, a song,
winds taste like warm honeyed rain,
salt clings to my eyes,
a thousand pelicans fly—
the sky swallows the sun's kiss.

445. Echoes of the Tide

The sand hums beneath,
seagulls call with raw hunger,
surfboards cut through blue,
an echo of childhood dreams—
teeth gnash on the salty air.

446. Surfer's Solitude

The waves tremble close,
cool spray flicks my bare feet here,
taste of the deep sea,
as my board slices the sky,
whispering freedom's truth.

447. Ebb and Flow

Footprints in wet sand,
paddle strokes are soft echoes,
taste of brine in air,
my skin stretches like the tide,
the horizon pulls me close.

448. Texas Breeze

The cool wind bites sharp,
bodies crash and salt stings skin,
the ocean exhales,
waves roll like heavy whispers,
my board breaks through their song.

449. Golden Horizon

Sunset paints the sky,
the waves grow warm with the dusk,
the sand hums low dreams,
seaweed wraps around my legs—
taste of earth, salt, and sky.

450. Texas Swell

Footsteps echo soft,
the sun kisses waves with fire,
the salt in the air,
waves fall like soft-breathed secrets,
tasting the pulse of the earth.

451. Ocean's Pulse

The board shivers once,
fins whisper through the water,
taste of cold, then warm,
waves hum their ancient rhythm—
the world narrows to one breath.

452. Riding the Wave

Foam curls like soft hands,
the rush fills my chest with fire,
salt on my tongue bursts,
the sun presses heavy down—
and I carve through the dreamscape.

453. Texas Dawn

The sun breaks the sky,
the sand, warm beneath my feet,
whispers of the sea,
the taste of air, soft and cold,
each wave a thousand voices.

454. Saltwater Memory

Bitter ocean winds,
surfboard creaks with ocean’s song,
salt on the tongue stings,
each wave folds a memory—
the earth trembles under me.

455. Riders of the Tide

Boards hum with the surf,
foam stings my skin, sweet and sharp,
the sky burns with gold,
waves fold beneath my spirit—
saltwater lingers on my lips.

456. The Last Ride

Wind on my skin screams,
the board hums under my feet,
taste of freedom bursts,
the world turns with each swell rise—
sky and sea merge to one.

457. Beneath the Surface

Salt curls on my lips,
water dances through the air,
the board sings with speed,
crashing waves in the distance—
the ocean whispers her name.

458. Texas Retreat

Shoreline hums with peace,
the taste of salt drips like wine,
waves curl in silence,
my board hums like a heartbeat—
the world stops with the sea's sigh.

459. Horizon's Edge

The sky swallows me,
footprints fade in the cool sand,
salt lingers in air,
waves crash, an endless rhythm—
all things meet in the tide.

460. Rising Tide

Seafoam on my lips,
the rhythm of waves, heartbeats,
sand shifts beneath me,
the taste of summer's promise,
wind winds through my tangled hair.

461. On the Crest

The board cuts through blue,
saltwater sings on the wind,
waves rise, a lover—
my breath deepens with each rise—
skin burns beneath the sun.

462. Shoreline Dreams

Salt on my fingers,
the sun bites into my skin,
the tide calls me home,
waves crash with a loud embrace—
the ocean whispers my name.

463. Tide's Rhythm

Waves taste like old songs,
the wind stings my lips, pure salt,
the board trembles sharp,
foam splashes cold against heat—
all the world slows to this beat.

464. Surfer's Soul

The waves crash in rhythm,
the board hums against the sea,
taste of summer's kiss,
saltwater cools burning skin—
wind carries me to forever.

465. A Texas Dream

Soft whispers of foam,
the sky paints colors of gold,
wind stings with warmth here,
sand clings to skin like a prayer—
the ocean sighs as I ride.

466. Whispers of Dawn

Golden light spills wide,
The air smells of dust and sage,
Birds hum in their nests,
Cool breeze stirs the silent earth,
A distant call of coyotes.

467. First Light Over Plains

The sky's edge glows red,
Tumbleweeds whisper soft tales,
Heat lingers on skin,
Dust dances in the sunlight,
Sunrise wraps the land in gold.

468. Desert Awakening

Sun paints the hot earth,
Cactus perfume on cool winds,
Rattlesnakes stir slow,
Sweat drips on sunburnt shoulders,
Morning rises, burning bright.

469. Morning Over Hill Country

Sagebrush scents the breeze,
Bluebonnets stretch to the sky,
Hooves stamp in the dew,
A hawk pierces the silence,
Mountains soften in the glow.

470. Texas Horizon

Flames touch the horizon,
Fireflies hum in stillness,
The air, warm and thick,
A lone whistle fills the space,
Daybreak lingers in the haze.

471. Sunrise in the Swamps

Fog curls like soft hands,
Pine needles drip with morning,
Mud squelches under feet,
Frogs croak their final song,
The sky bleeds purple and pink.

472. Longhorn's Morning

Sunrise bleeds on horns,
Cattle snort in heavy heat,
The wind is sharp, dry,
Soft leather creaks with each step,
The earth hums underfoot.

473. Quiet of the Valley

Dust rises in gold,
Chilly air bites at the cheeks,
Breezes kiss the soil,
The mountains cast their long shadow,
A lone crow caws from the oak.

474. Beneath the Mesquite

The sun hums softly,
A whisper of heat on skin,
Acorns crunch beneath,
Sweet fragrance of mesquite blooms,
Fleeting light tints the still world.

475. Glimmering Canyons

Sizzling pink turns gold,
Wind carries the scent of pine,
Birds soar high above,
The sound of distant thunder,
Echoes in the canyon walls.

476. Rio Grande Light

Ripples dance in gold,
Mist clings to the river's skin,
The sun burns the sky,
Salt on lips, wind in my hair,
Morning stretches through the dusk.

477. Over the Plains

The sky yawns and glows,
Heat rises in quiet waves,
Horses snort and graze,
The prairie hums beneath me,
A song of land and sun’s kiss.

478. Wind's Serenade

Whispers in the wind,
Horizon is on fire now,
Salt on the soft breeze,
Glimpses of lavender skies,
A lone whistle fills the space.

479. Desert Dawn

Orange heat climbs high,
Coyote’s breath fills the air,
Rocks groan in silence,
Sagebrush sings with morning light,
Sunrise smashes the stillness.

480. Cactus Shadow

Pink light floods the sky,
Scent of earth heavy and warm,
Cactus arms stretch wide,
A hawk cries through the silence,
And shadows twist beneath it.

481. Golden Horizon

Burnished gold unfurls,
The breeze tastes of river clay,
Flies hum near my ear,
Morning rises with a sigh,
Clouds break over sleepy hills.

482. Cattleman’s Dawn

Heat rises from stone,
Scent of leather fills the air,
Hooves tread the soft earth,
A whistle breaks the silence,
Sun climbs high in the west.

483. Lost in the Glow

Light spills through the dust,
The sound of a distant bell,
Smoke curls in the wind,
Sunrise dances on the plains,
The land hums beneath my feet.

484. Morning's Breath

The sky pulls apart,
Cold touches the skin with light,
Hoots of owls fade slow,
Air thick with sage and dust,
The land opens with a stretch.

485. Lone Star Light

The horizon hums deep,
Heat rises in soft whispers,
The dry air cracks skin,
In the distance, a train's cry,
The world opens, soft and slow.

486. Sunrise in the Heart

Crimson fades to gold,
Breeze sways the dry brush softly,
Birds stir from their nests,
Warmth brushes over the land,
Texas breathes beneath the sky.

487. Waking the Land

The wind stirs the dust,
Lavender hues kiss the sky,
The earth tastes of salt,
Sunlight touches every hill,
A crow calls from the oak tree.

488. Horizon Flame

The sky is bleeding gold,
Sagebrush cracks beneath the heat,
The land smells like rain,
A buzzard wings through still air,
Sunrise breaks, slow and wide.

489. Through the Hills

Dust settles in light,
Pinon trees bend in the wind,
Birdsong fills the air,
A sunburnt cowboy's voice hums,
The hills stretch and meet the dawn.

490. Chasing the Light

Orange glows and shifts,
Earth crumbles under soft feet,
The breeze is heavy,
Crickets hum, then fall silent,
Sunrise lifts the valley's heart.

491. Crimson Horizon

Red melts into gold,
The wind carries dust and song,
Hot air on my skin,
The land drinks the last of light,
Day fades into a warm haze.

492. Dancing Shadows

Golden light wanes slow,
Breezes hum through the dry brush,
Crisp air tastes of salt,
Shadows stretch across the earth,
Sunset whispers of the night.

493. Painted Skies

Orange fire bleeds wide,
The scent of sage fills the air,
Crickets softly sing,
Night touches the rim of day,
A slow hush falls over land.

494. Last Light on the Plains

The sky is heavy now,
Dust swirls beneath fading light,
The earth's breath is still,
The taste of smoke on the tongue,
Sun dips beneath the horizon.

495. Quiet Evening

Light breaks into gold,
Bitter dust fills the warm air,
Cattle chew in peace,
A slow wind ruffles the trees,
Sunset rests upon the hills.

496. End of the Day

Burning orange fades,
Heat shivers from the dry earth,
A buzzard circles,
Salt on lips, warmth on my face,
The evening pulls the sky close.

497. Fire on the Hill

The sky burns in gold,
The smell of earth and fire blend,
Hooves stomp on soft dust,
Hawks glide as dusk settles near,
A lone coyote calls out loud.

498. Rancher's Twilight

Sun melts behind hills,
The air thick with twilight's song,
Dust clings to the skin,
A dog's bark breaks the stillness,
The sun dips, a last soft cry.

499. Echoes of Gold

Amber streaks the sky,
Cracks in the earth heat the air,
Thunder rolls afar,
The taste of dry leaves lingers,
Sunset wraps the land in fire.

500. The Final Glow

Fading light dips low,
A deep breath from the still earth,
The scent of dry wind,
As stars rise, the fire dims,
Night swallows the last soft glow.

501. Sunset Over the Valley

Flames stretch across sky,
Warmth drips from the sun's last rays,
Distant trees shiver,
The air is thick with coolness now,
The day dies with a sigh.

502. Golden Silence

Golden hues drip down,
Heat lingers in the still air,
A lone bird flutters,
Night licks the edges of light,
The earth whispers its goodnight.

503. Whispers in the Dust

The world turns to fire,
A smoky breeze stirs the leaves,
Warmth clings to my skin,
The sound of a train in the dark,
Sunset bleeds into the earth.

504. Vibrant Farewell

The sky crackles with gold,
Dust hangs, slow, in the warm air,
The land breathes softly,
A distant song of coyotes,
As sun kisses night goodbye.

505. Stretching Gold

The sky burns with gold,
The wind’s scent of earth is deep,
The taste of dust stays,
A lone horse grazes in peace,
Sunset sighs over the land.

506. Evening’s Embrace

The sun dips in peace,
Heat hums on the quiet air,
Night calls to the hills,
Familiar sounds of the dusk,
The sky sighs into coolness.

507. Lone Light Fades

Golden orange recedes,
Air heavy with the day’s dust,
The silence is deep,
A lone bird’s flight catches fire,
The horizon swallows it whole.

508. Cactus Dreams

Sunset turns to red,
Cactus scent drifts in the wind,
Hooves scrape the hard earth,
Shadows stretch long and heavy,
Night dances in the glow.

509. Tumbleweed Winds

The air smells of sage,
The light breaks like a promise,
Heat presses on skin,
Tumbleweeds roll with the wind,
The sky hums a low farewell.

510. Desert Melancholy

Pink melts into blue,
The air is sharp with salt’s kiss,
Night cools the earth down,
A song of larks fades away,
And the sunset is silent.

511. Dimming Horizon

The sky turns soft gold,
Dust tickles the back of the throat,
Wind howls in the grass,
The taste of cold on my tongue,
Sunset swells before it dies.

512. Shifting Colors

Purple turns to gold,
Air thick with the smell of heat,
A crow calls softly,
Breezes blow through parched earth,
The sun bends, then breaks away.

513. Twilight's Whisper

Red and gold flicker,
The air is warm with the dusk,
A slow, gentle hum,
Night settles in on the hills,
The sun retreats in silence.

514. Horizon Blush

The last light spills red,
Cactus blooms with warmth and scent,
Hooves scrape the earth’s skin,
The air tastes of iron and heat,
Sunset lays across the land.

515. Silent Goodbye

As the light fades low,
The warmth clings, thick in the air,
Crickets begin to hum,
Night’s shadow swallows the sun,
Texas breathes its quiet end.

Afterword:

Reflections Under a Texas Sky

As the sun sets over the vast Texas horizon, painting the landscape in hues of amber and rose, we find ourselves at the end of a journey—a journey through the heart and soul of Texas, as captured in 500 Tankas. These poems, each a small yet vivid snapshot, are more than just words on a page. They are echoes of the Lone Star spirit, stories told in whispers of wind, the laughter of rivers, the rustle of mesquite leaves, and the haunting cries of coyotes under a star-speckled sky.

Writing this collection has been a labor of love, born from the unique tapestry of Texas itself. Every line, every syllable is imbued with the essence of the land I call home—a land as vast and diverse as the people who inhabit it. Texas isn't just a state; it's a feeling, a way of life, a history, and a mythology all rolled into one. From the rolling Panhandle plains to the shimmering coasts of the Gulf, from the bustling cities to the quiet lakeside towns, this book seeks to honor every inch of it.

A Symphony of Texas

Tankas are traditionally concise, yet their brevity holds immense power. In a form that spans only five lines, there lies the ability to distill a moment, an image, or an emotion into something timeless. For Texas—a place where the skies stretch forever and history runs deep—Tankas provide the perfect frame. They allow us to magnify the seemingly ordinary and uncover the extraordinary within.

These poems capture not just landscapes but also the beating heart of Texas culture: the warmth of a neighbor's smile, the crackle of a campfire under the Milky Way, the hum of cicadas heralding summer nights, and the unyielding grit of a state built on hard work and hope. Each Tanka carries a piece of Texas folklore, history, or natural beauty, strung together like beads on a string that stretches from the past to the present.

The People Behind the Poems

While Texas itself has provided the canvas, it is the people who bring it to life. This collection honors the ranchers and roughnecks, the artists and outlaws, the cowboys and dreamers who've shaped this land. Whether you've walked the bustling streets of Dallas or wandered the quiet trails around Cedar Creek Lake, you'll recognize yourself somewhere in these pages.

Tankas are as much about the reader as they are about the poet. Each one invites you to step into the scene, to hear the rustle of leaves, to feel the sting of a cold wind, or to taste the salt on the Gulf breeze. In this way, these poems become more than words—they become a shared experience.

Looking Back, Looking Forward

As you close this book, I hope you take with you a renewed sense of wonder for the Lone Star State. May you feel the pull of adventure on dusty backroads and the peace of still waters reflecting the wide Texas sky.

But this afterword isn't just a farewell—it's an invitation. Texas is too big to be contained in any book, no matter how many poems fill its pages. The stories and sights, the history and the future, the people and the places—they stretch on, just like those endless highways.

If this collection has sparked a memory, inspired a dream, or made you see Texas in a new light, then its purpose has been fulfilled. And if, by chance, these Tankas have stirred your own desire to write, then I encourage you to take up the pen and join the tradition. Let Texas speak to you, and share its voice with the world.

A Final Bow

As the curtain falls on Texas Tankas, I extend my deepest gratitude to you, the reader. Thank you for walking with me through these poems, for pausing to savor the beauty and complexity of this remarkable state. You've brought these Tankas to life by reading them, and for that, I am forever grateful.

So here's to Texas—the land, the people, the legend. And here's to you, for being a part of this journey. May you carry the spirit of these poems with you, wherever your path may lead.

Under a Texas sky,

Jeff Callaway
Texas Outlaw Poet
January 13, 2025

Proof